FATE

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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

HE INSIDE STORY OF
"JACK THE RIPPER"
By HEREWARD CARRINGTON

THE NEGRO IN
OMORROW'S AMERICA
By CRAIG BROWNING

HE TEN LOST TRIBES
By Prof. J. A. STEICHERT

MYSTERY OF THE
MOUND BUILDERS
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the Editorial

Our notebook for this editorial is so jammed full with items we want to talk about, that we hardly know where to begin. We won't waste time commenting on the articles in this issue, except to mention that we think you will find "The Inside Story of 'Jack The Ripper' ", "The Pennsylvania Hex Murder", "Caravan Of The Lost" and "I Met A Descendant of Athualpa" especially interesting, in addition to several other articles featured on this month's cover.

Last December 4 a strange flaming object crashed out of the sky at Bellefontaine, Ohio. It lighted up the whole neighborhood and smoked so profusely that it blacked out nearby residences. Only fragments remained when it was picked up. They crumbled in patrolman Murray Ricker's hands. The fragments were sent to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base for examination. Theories that it was part of a guided missile experiment were exploded, and also that it might be part of a magnesium flare used by pilots in making night photographs. There had been no such flights that night. More mystery in the air . . .

Henry Huppenthal, of Cedar Lake, Indiana, claims to have the most fantastic farm on earth. And well might he be right. 25,000 square yards of incredibly rich soil has been "growing" up out of the earth on his farm. Corn ran 110 bushels per acre in the soil, and oats were a failure—because they grew so large they wouldn't stand up.

First report (and maybe last) comes from Australia, of a mysterious "radioactive city" found "four days by horseback" away from Sydney. Wonder what that could mean? What kind of a city, and how could it get radioactive? Military secrecy has been clamped on it, says the report. Now we'll *never* know . . . and no word about whether it's an ancient city, an aborigine village, one of the seven lost cities of Cibola, or . . . oh well.

And to top it off, comes another excited story of a brand new race of aborigines discovered in Australia. Interesting, if true, but why so excited, and why "brand new"? Must be something we won't hear much about—that is, something that makes the "experts" look silly again.

Could be something to it, though, because scientists of the Australian-American expedition to Arnhem Land are talking about a horrible sequence of bad luck that has been following them ever since they decided to go to the "sacred place" ruled over by *Djungua* (according to the local aborigines).

Say the natives: "The curse of *Djungua* is upon you." It seems to be so: score so far, one barge stranded and marooned for two weeks with injury to one of the crew; rescue craft storm-battered and nearly wrecked; another vessel wrecked, now a sun-bleached skeleton on a

reef; still another ship, the *Victory*, disabled in Darwin harbor, but repaired and then badly damaged on a mysterious rock; the *Peroni*, local trading vessel, contracted to haul supplies for the expedition, sunk in the East Alligator river; another ship with the expedition's photographer aboard missing; one of the expedition members seriously ill with a mysterious disease; once again, the *Victory*, mysteriously diverted into the East Alligator river against the interests of the expedition; two more craft, hired to carry supplies, breaking down, a crew member of one found floating in the harbor with a strange malformation of his toes the only remaining means of identification; anthropologist F. D. McCarthy, about to take a swim, saved himself from diving directly into the path of an 18-foot white "phantom" shark; photographer Peter Basset-Smith, mysteriously hurled into the water by a strange, quick wave; Dr. David Johnson stranded on a sandbank for a night when his canoe was stolen. . . .

Strangely enough, all the misfortune is on the water—on land nothing untoward happens; because the land expedition carries "debil debil blood", a powerful amulet taken from a debil debil killed by a witch doctor.

Harry Robertson hurled 8-year-old Patricia Jackson to her death from a sixty-foot high bridge when voices called him yellow. Said Robertson "radioactivity" made him that way, but could explain no further.

C. D. Fife, Nevada, Missouri, saw a disk-like airplane for the second time on November 30. He heard a whir in the sky, saw a large disk-like plane drop two bright objects which fell about two hundred feet, then flew off to the southwest. The mother plane continued to the northeast. Daughter Joy Jean later called his attention to a glistening, aluminum appearing object which flew toward the southwest at "terrific speed".

Nashville: hundreds of birds fell around the Nashville airport. New York: for hours bodies of dead and injured birds literally rained down into the streets surrounding the Empire State Building. Philadelphia: hundreds of small birds plunged to their death in the downtown section, apparently after colliding with tall buildings.

And all in one day, too.

Hugh R. Wilson, appointed Assistant Secretary of State by President F. D. Roosevelt in 1937, tells this story about his wife: "Kate met King Feisal of Iraq in Berne, where he came to consult Swiss doctors. She gave a bridge party for him, since he was very fond of the game. They became friendly. Some time later, in London, as we prepared to send our son to the States for school, we attended a play followed by a supper at the Berkeley. A famous prestidigitator was giving a floor show. Suddenly my wife said: 'Hugh, King Feisal has just come in, looked around the room, and is coming over to speak to us.' I rose to my feet, but saw no one resembling the King. Kate said, puzzled: 'That's strange, he's gone; I

don't see how he could have disappeared so suddenly.' At breakfast Kate complained that she'd been troubled all night with a repeated dream of Feisal; time after time she'd met him in the corridor of the Hotel Bellevue at Berne, each time he would greet her and state that he was going away. On the way to the station in a taxi, our boy leaned out of the window and announced excitedly: 'Mummy, the placards of the news-men are saying something about your King Feisal.' We stopped and bought a paper. King Feisal had died in Berne at eleven-thirty the evening before."

THERE'S A STRANGE new disease called "cave sickness". The report covers 21 men and boys who became sick while digging for treasure in an abandoned chalk mine in southwestern Arkansas. Scientists couldn't find the cause, or tell what the disease was. Tests did not show any gases in the cave air, or anything unusual about the cave rock that could have caused infection from dusts. X-rays showed peculiar spots or lesions in the lungs. The disease lasted about a week. Penicillin and sulfamerizine produced no noticeable effects. For long periods afterward, the victims complained of general weakness.

Two guinea pigs left in the cave for a long time stayed well.

RALPH CARROLL of radio station WNBF told a story on December 14 about the motorist on the highway between Elmira and Binghamton approaching Devil's Elbow, notorious death trap. His lights picked up the figure of a young girl who signalled him to stop. Obligingly the motorist took the hitch-hiker aboard.

Driving to the address in Binghamton given him by the girl, the motorist stopped, looked into the back seat, and was amazed to find his passenger had vanished. Alarmed for fear she had fallen or jumped from the car, he went to the house and told the occupants what had happened. They told him that the girl had once resided at the address but that she had been killed two years previously, near the spot where he had encountered her "ghost."

Alexander Woolcott, in his collection of stories titled "When Rome Burned" cites a strikingly similar case, and points out that every highway in this and other countries has a "ghost" with a story very similar to that of the girl of Devil's Elbow.

But to Cecil D. Mastin, general manager of WNBF, that explanation just doesn't hold water—because the station switchboard was swamped with calls from dozens of people who insisted that they had had the same experience with the same "ghost" at the identical spot near Devil's Elbow. One or two had been so unnerved by the apparition that they have been unable to drive their cars since. Mastin swears he will investigate the matter further, and will invite others who have picked up the Devil's Elbow phantom to relate their experiences over the air.

REPORTS W. P. GRANT of Philadelphia (as we were writing this): "the words 'Made In U. S. A.' have

been found on the mysterious fragments from Bellefontaine, Ohio." Wright Field, at Dayton, made the discovery. Probably a flare. Same source which originally claimed there had been no photographers with flares aloft that night. Wish they'd make up their minds . . . or are they making up the explanation? They make 'em up about flying saucers—we know; we collect those stories.

THE ZODIAC is said to be approximately ten thousand years old. In our modern almanac, the zodiac is shown with the figure of a man in the center. However, in the secret Chinese and East Indian version, the central figure is the sun. The sun as the central figure was also used by the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews in their version of the zodiac. It is believed that Ezra made the change in order to explain that the sun was not God, but that the power behind the sun was in the form of a man. So it seems that the phrase "and God made man in his own image" is really responsible for this change in the ancient symbolism of the zodiac, which actually was a means of computing the seasons for plantings and harvestings, and a graphic picture of the universe around us.

SPEAKING OF THE ten commandments, how about the Devil's eleven? Never heard of them? Well, here they are: 1. (Thou shalt) kill; 2. slander; 3. punish; 4. destroy; 5. strive for thyself; 6. gratify thy flesh at the expense of purity; 7. be false to God; 8. be false to thyself; 9. speak falsely; 10. covet what is another's; 11. engage in strife and aid and abet conflicts.

THE NEXT ISSUE of FATE will be dated July and will be on sale May 1. Temporarily, the new schedule will call for issues every other month until preparations are completed for monthly publication.

EVER SINCE OUR first issue, we've been talking about the Navaho Indians, and we did make some progress, with the help of quite a few other agencies in this country. Some help was given, and the Indians got the right to vote. Now, after all this, we find that the Navaho faces—yes, you guessed it—starvation again. Now the funds of the Indian Bureau are exhausted, and for some red-tape reason, they can't be replenished until a certain number of Indian children and oldsters have starved to death slowly and painfully, or succumbed to diseases due to malnutrition. We are certainly a just nation. We never seem to have any trouble raising money for guns or for grafters or for international crooks. But for the hungry . . . our impotency is complete and final. It should be obvious to everybody that there is nothing we can do. It's just too big a job for a country like ours. Well, after all, what's a few hundred thousand Indians more or less? It's their skins or ours . . . and the few must always bow to the many. After all, what are *they* contributing to the atom bomb? We've got *our* future to look after. America, land of the free, and the brave . . . and the stinkingly selfish. *Robert N. Webster*

THE INSIDE STORY OF "JACK THE RIPPER"

by Hereward Carrington

Sixty years ago the most terrible killer ever to roam London's streets came to a chill end in the Thames —or so the world was told. But that report was a hoax, deliberately engineered by the London police.

ALMOST sixty years have passed since the unsolved "Jack the Ripper" murders invoked the horror of people everywhere.

These atrocious crimes, over a period of months, were committed in the infamous East End of London . . . the heart of the most populous city on earth . . . in defiance of every conceivable precaution taken by the C.I.D. (Criminal Investigation Department) of Scotland Yard, and the assistance of special police and citizen patrols spread throughout the district.

It was in autumn of 1888 that the first of these murders was committed, and as others of a like nature soon followed without a clue as to the identity of the killer, it became apparent that a Master Criminal was at large. His victims were always poor, miserable women of the streets, friendless prostitutes, who were stabbed to death and then horribly ripped and mutilated by what appeared to be surgical knives of extreme sharpness.

After the second of these murders the public took alarm, and a dread of this mysterious Terror who killed swiftly and without warning by night, spread throughout London. Lonely women wayfarers, abroad when darkness came, hurried through the streets, terrified with the premonition that the notorious murderer was dogging their footsteps.

The newspapers fanned the fearful anxiety of the public with sensational headlines and minute details of the horrible and gruesome crimes. Popular resentment against the ineffectiveness of the police to deal with this killer ran high. The C.I.D. took particularly caustic criticism levelled at it from all quarters.

At the height of the controversy, the London Police Commissioner resigned his office, and the frenzied hunt for the murderer became totally disorganized. The killings ascribed to "Jack the Ripper"—so named from the signature of one of the bogus letters published by the police—continued without respite during 1888, but no arrests were made.

In blaming the detective police of this time, it must be remembered that as compared to forces in other countries, English authorities worked under the severe handicap of not being allowed to arrest on suspicion or question the man they suspected. They first needed to be in possession of irrefutable evidence of the guilt of their man. And this evidence they were never able to acquire.

In only one instance did a policeman have sight of the fiendish criminal. A young officer, named Thompson, was patrolling Chambers Street one evening when a man came running out of Swallow Gardens toward him. Upon seeing the police uniform the man turned tail and headed off in the opposite direction.

An experienced officer would have pursued the suspect, but Thompson turned into Swallow Gardens . . . and almost stumbled over the mutilated body of Frances Coles.

The error of his judgment preyed on the young officer's mind. He seemed to consider it the first episode of an unfortunate career . . . and his foreboding eventually came true. The first time he had gone on night duty he had discovered a murder by stabbing . . . and some years later he himself was stabbed to death on the street by a man named Abrahams. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter in his killing, and Abrahams died in prison.

There were many sensational side-

lights during this period of fear and unrest on the part of the public. A practical joker, at midnight, in a secluded street in Whitechapel, accosted a woman and yelled, "I'm Jack the Ripper!" He was immediately set upon, and knocked about by indignant bystanders. Luckily two constables arrived at the scene to rescue him from death at the hands of the angry mob.

At another time a Liverpool mail-steamer was held up from sailing for several hours, while the police searched her from stem to stern for a sailor who had produced a huge knife in a low tavern at that seaport, and boasted that he was the notorious Jack the Ripper. The police were compelled to follow every clue, however seemingly ridiculous the "information" sifting into its intelligence headquarters, . . . for they had so few known "facts" from the actual scene of the crimes to work from.

But the murderer, who operated alone, at night, in lonely places, escaped detection. His very boldness and familiarity with the district in which he "operated", thoroughly outwitted his would-be captors. The mystery of his identity was intensified when it became known at the coroner's inquests that medical experts had certified that the perpetrator of these murders had considerable anatomical knowledge and skill, and more than likely was either "a butcher, an advanced medical student, or a doctor."

Many pathetic scenes were enacted in the dim Police Court where the inquests were held. Of one woman victim it was said that she was repulsed by the custodian of a doss-house because she had not the necessary fee for a bed. "All right, dearie, I'll soon get it! Look at my new bonnet, ain't it a beauty. I'll soon be back." She was discovered an hour later, stabbed and mutilated, in a nearby alley.

In a newspaper controversy by criminologists and others, it was claimed that Jack the Ripper was either a homicidal or religious maniac . . . or that his impelling urge was one of revenge.

After the last of these murders, the police had brought their investigation to the point of suspecting one or another of three homicidal lunatics. One was a Polish Nationalist reported by Police Constable Thompson, the only officer who had caught sight of the murderer.

The second was an insane Russian doctor who had been a convict both in England and in Siberia. This man was reported to be in the habit of carrying surgical knives in his pockets. At the time of the outrages he was in hiding; at any rate he could not be found.

The third suspect was also a doctor, of prominent and impeccable reputation, living on the West Side of London, whose mind was "cracking up" and on the borderland of insanity. It is with this individual, the *real* Jack the Ripper murderer, that our story deals.

According to the files of Scotland Yard, after the last of the Jack the Ripper murders in Miller's Court on November 9th, 1888, this man disappeared . . . and seven weeks later his body was found floating in the Thames. The medical evidence was that it had been in the water for a month. With his death, the mutilation-murders ceased as abruptly as they started, and as far as generally known, the criminal responsible for these bizarre slayings was never apprehended. But the crime *was* solved, and by the police!

The "inside story" of how this notorious murderer was "clairvoyantly" traced and finally arrested was first published by the "London Daily Express," and later incorporated into a book edited by Charles Neil, entitled "World's Greatest Mysteries." The remarkable information this volume contained has never been refuted, incredible as it may appear.

In his book Neil states that "a dozen London physicians, who sat as a court of medical inquiry, or a commission in lunacy, definitely proved that the dreaded Jack the Ripper was no less a person than a physician of high standing, living in the West End of London. When it was absolutely proved that the physician in question was the murderer, and his insanity fully established by the commission, all parties having a knowledge of the facts were sworn to secrecy."

The document, disclosing the details of the case was placed in the hands of the "London Daily Express" soon after the death of the "clairvoyant," Dr. R. J. Lees, who led the police to a solution of the crimes. Dr. Lees dictated the document in question, and issued instructions that its contents should not be revealed until after his death.

The circumstances which led to the detection of this inhuman monster are incredible to the extreme . . . and altogether unparalleled in the history of crime. It is only proper that credit be given (even though posthumously) to Dr. Robert James Lees, author of "Through the Mists," as the man who (according to this report) put the London police on the track of the killer. He himself had religiously observed his promise not to divulge the identity of the Ripper.

The document states that Dr. Lees developed an extraordinary faculty for "second sight" early in life, and that it enabled him to have an "in-sight" into the nature of things hidden from the perceptions of ordinary men who have to depend entirely upon their "out-sights" for seeing things. At the age of 19, he was summoned before Queen Victoria, where he gave evidence of his unusual clairvoyant gift, "exciting her utmost wonderment."

At the time of the first three murders, Dr. Lees was at the height of his powers as a "seer". One day, while writing in his study, he suddenly became apprehensive, and in translating his feelings, he became convinced that the Ripper was about to commit another murder. He tried to shake off this premonition, but it remained with him, increasing in intensity until, as it were, an "inner eye" opened, and a scene flashed itself before his vision.

He seemed to see two persons, a man and a woman, walking down a dimly-lit side street. Following them in his mind's eye, he saw them enter a narrow court. He read the name of the court. There was a gin palace near the court, and this was ablaze with light. Inside a rowdy crowd of East Enders, the scum of London, shouted in boisterous and indecent merriment. The hands of the clock above the bar pointed to 12:40 . . .

the hour at which the public houses close for the night.

As he looked, the crowd melted from the tavern. He was drawn toward the man and woman who had entered the court. The woman was half-drunk; the man perfectly sober, and intent upon an errand. In a dark corner of the court the woman leaned against a building to support her reeling senses. Suddenly the man, dressed in a dark suit of Scotch Tweed and carrying a light overcoat over his arm, hastened forward.

He put a hand over her mouth and drew her to him. She struggled feebly, but was too much under the influence of liquor to offer effective resistance. Then her days on earth were over . . . her throat slit from ear to ear. The blood spurted from her neck and onto the man's shirt-front. He held her by the waist and mouth and dropped her limp form to the ground.

With his knife already dripping with blood, he inflicted deep gashes in various parts of her body, slitting her skin and flesh with the finesse of an accomplished butcher. Then he deliberately wiped his knife clean on his victim's clothes, and sheathed it. Calmly he put on his light overcoat, buttoning it up to hide his shirt-front, and casually walked away. These are things Dr. Lees saw in "clairvoyance." He went at once to Scotland Yard to inform them of his vision.

The sergeant on duty faithfully recorded Dr. Lees' account of the murder . . . but only by way of humoring one whom he considered a harmless lunatic. It was quite a fad these days—giving one's self up as Jack the Ripper—and the psychopathic hospitals were full of would-be murderers. Also alarmists were besieging the offices of Scotland Yard with phoney information and threats of new murders.

So, in Dr. Lees' instance, the sergeant did not take the information seriously. He was half-way tempted to lock him up. But decided that he'd best take the story down, and let the man go his way thinking he had "helped the authorities" in this famous case. At any rate, the sergeant noted the hands of the imaginary tavern's clock at 12:40 when the Ripper met his victim in the court, and promptly forgot the whole affair—until the next day.

At 12:30 on the following night, a woman entered the public house near the court in question. She was quite under the influence of drink, and the bar-keeper refused to serve her. She was seen by another witness to enter the court again at 12:40 in the company of a man dressed in a dark suit and carrying a light overcoat. This was the evidence given before the deputy coroner who held an inquest on the body of a woman found "with her throat cut, and horribly mutilated," to quote from the coroner's records.

Dr. Lees was shocked when he read of the murder in the court, in the newspapers next day. To use his own language: "My whole nervous system was seriously shaken and under the advice of a physician I removed with my family to the Continent." While he was away, Jack the Ripper continued his butchering of women of low repute . . . adding four more murders to his list. It then became necessary for Dr. Lees

to return to London.

One day, while riding on a bus with his wife, a man entered the vehicle. When he saw him, "every nerve in my body tingled with excitement." The stranger was dressed in a suit of dark Scotch tweed and carried a light overcoat; but he was no stranger. Leaning over to his wife, Dr. Lees whispered tensely, "That man is Jack the Ripper!"

When the bus turned into Oxford Street, the man got off. Dr. Lees was determined to follow him. About half-way up the block, he met a constable, to whom he pointed out the man, and informed him that he was the dreaded Ripper murderer. But when he asked the officer to make an arrest, the constable only looked at him and laughed. Instead he began questioning Dr. Lees, retaining him long enough for the suspect to escape.

That night Dr. Lees again received premonitions that the Ripper was on the prowl, and about to commit another murder. The scene of this outrage was not as distinct as in the former instance, but the face of the woman victim was clearly defined. A peculiarity of the mutilation was that one ear was completely severed from the face, and that the other remained hanging by a mere thread of skin.

As soon as he had recovered from his trance, Dr. Lees hastened to Scotland Yard, and insisted upon an immediate audience with the Head Inspector of Police. That official listened with a smile of incredulity to the first portion of the visitor's story. The smile, however, died away as Dr. Lees reached that portion of his narrative where he described the severed ears of the victim.

With sober deliberation the Police Inspector reached into a drawer of his desk and took out a post card. He laid it in front of Dr. Lees for his perusal. It was an ordinary post card written in red ink. But it had two finger marks traced in blood in one corner, and included the message:

"*Tomorrow night I shall take my revenge from a class of women who have made themselves most obnoxious to me, my ninth victim.*

Jack the Ripper.

"*P.S.—: To prove that I am really Jack the Ripper, I will cut off the ears of this ninth victim.*"

The Inspector had at his command a force of nearly 15,000 constables. By dusk of next day no fewer than 3,000 of these, in addition to 1500 detectives, were patrolling the courts and alleys of Whitechapel. Notwithstanding all these precautions, Jack the Ripper, with infinite cunning, penetrated the cordon, slew his victim, and disappeared.

The murdered woman was found slaughtered "with one ear completely severed and the other hanging by a mere shread of flesh." At this news the Inspector turned deathly pale, and confided in Dr. Lees that he was "up a tree" in his investigations. The solution of the murders was no nearer now than at the beginning of the case, and the Inspector asked Dr. Lees to assist him.

Unfortunately the clairvoyant had business on the Continent and was not able to do so at the time. But he promised that he would come to see him upon his return. While he was abroad, the Ripper continued his evil ways and murdered his sixteenth victim . . . coolly informing the Scotland Yard authorities that he

intended to kill twenty, and then stop.

Shortly after this Dr. Lees returned to England and made the acquaintance of two Americans visiting London, Roland B. Shaw and Fred C. Backwith. One evening these three gentlemen were having dinner in the Criterion when Dr. Lees suddenly turned to his companions and exclaimed: "Great God! 'Jack the Ripper' has just committed another murder!"

His companions were amazed at this disclosure, and looked at Dr. Lees in askance. The "visionary" then had to tell his friends the whole story of his apparent "sensitiveness" to the Ripper while in London. Mr. Shaw checked his watch. It was 11 minutes to 8. At 10 minutes to 8 a policeman discovered the body of a woman in Crown Court, in the Whitechapel district, with her throat cut and her body bearing the cut-marks of the Ripper.

Dr. Lees and his companions went at once to Scotland Yard. The Inspector had not yet received the news of the murder, but while Dr. Lees was relating his story, a message arrived with the details of the outrage. The Inspector, taking with him two men in plain clothes, together with Dr. Lees and his two friends, drove at once to Crown Court. As they entered Dr. Lees said: "Look in the angle of the wall. There is something written there."

The Inspector, by this time, as anyone can readily imagine, was himself in a state bordering on insanity. Never in his long career as a criminal investigator had such a baffling series of murders been committed, without any clues to work from in the detection of the culprit . . . except the claims of a "seer" who says he has "visions" (and verifiable visions!) of the murders before they take place. Enough to drive any man mad. Especially an ordinary police officer, who likes his work "routine" and "conventional!"

It must be borne in mind here that Jack the Ripper had eluded the resourcefulness of the greatest police force in the world; that, rendered desperate at last, the authorities had summoned to their assistance the most experienced detectives of France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain and America. They had lavished immense sums of money in an endeavor to trace the fiend, and there was a standing aggregate reward of £30,000, together with a pension of £1500 per annum . . . all to go to the man who should first deliver to justice the terrible Ripper.

The Inspector, having abandoned every known scientific means to trace the criminal, turned as a last desperate hope to Dr. Lees. It was fantastic . . . but possible (at this stage anything was possible!) . . . that this man's unusual "clairvoyant" faculty might do the incredible and discover the identity of the killer. It was evident that there did exist some subtle "magnetic" connection between the medium and the fugitive.

All that night Dr. Lees turned his mind inward to its impalpable sensitivity to Jack the Ripper, and wandered through the streets of London "like a bloodhound following hot upon a scene!" The Inspector and his aides followed a few feet behind him.

At last, at 4 o'clock in the morning, with face pale and eyes bloodshot with effort, Dr. Lees halted at the gates of a West End mansion. Gasping through cracked and swollen lips, he pointed to an upper chamber where a faint light was visible. "In that room you will find the murderer you seek!" he said.

The Inspector was visibly shaken. "Impossible," he said. "That is the residence of one of the most celebrated physicians in the West End."

It could not be. Yet the "visions" and "impressions" of this clairvoyant had been astonishingly accurate. Perhaps a test of his powers would prove or disprove the validity of his extravagant statement.

"If you will describe to me the interior of the doctor's hall," the Inspector remarked, "I will arrest him at the risk of my position."

"The hall has a rough porter's chair of black oak, on the right hand, as you enter. A stained-glass window is at the extreme end. And a large mastiff is, at this moment, asleep at the foot of the stairs," offered Dr. Lees, after a moment of deep insight.

The Inspector was reluctant to arouse the household at that ungodly hour of the morning on such flimsy evidence. So the party waited until 7 A.M., when the servants in the fashionable residence began to stir. Then they entered the house and learned that the doctor was still in bed. They requested to be allowed to see his wife.

The servant left them standing in the hall, and the Inspector called Dr. Lees' attention to the fact that there was no mastiff visible, as he had described, although in all other respects the description tallied exactly. Upon questioning the servant as to the whereabouts of the dog, she informed the men that it generally slept at the foot of the stairs at night, and was let out into the garden in the morning. When the Inspector heard this, he exclaimed: "It is the Hand of Providence!"

In a few minutes the doctor's wife made her appearance, and after a half-hour's searching inquiry into her husband's activities, it was ascertained that the wife doubted the doctor's sanity during the past few months. There had been moments when he had reversed his usual mild and pleasant disposition, and terrorized both herself and her children at the slightest provocation. The wife also noted, with deep forboding (though she would not permit herself to reveal these suspicions to the authorities) that whenever a Whitechapel murder would occur, her husband would be absent from the house.

An hour later the Inspector had summoned to the house a group of the greatest experts on insanity in the city of London. The doctor was awakened and confronted with the accusation that he was responsible for the Ripper murders. At first the noted doctor recoiled in shock and horror at the bold statement that he was a brutal murderer. Then he shook his head in bewilderment, and his shoulders slumped in puzzlement and weariness. He admitted that his mind had acted strangely for several months, and that there were lapses of time for which he could not account . . . hours during which he was unable to recall doing anything.

That he was guilty of the Whitechapel killings, however, filled the doctor with awe and repugnance.

But he would not deny the possibility of its being true. He told the physicians that occasionally he would find himself sitting in his room as if aroused from a long stupor . . . without being able to remember the passing of evening. In one instance he had found blood on his shirt-front, which he couldn't account for; blood which he had finally attributed to a bloody nose during one of his "lapses" of memory.

Upon the confession of mental inaptitude, the Inspector made a thorough search of the house, and found ample proof that the famous physician was indeed Jack the Ripper. A dark Scotch tweed suit, together with a light overcoat, was found in a closet.

An exhaustive inquiry before a commission in lunacy developed the fact that the doctor was a sufferer from schizophrenia (split personality) with paranoid tendencies . . . and while, in one mind, he was a prominent and respected doctor of medicine, in the other, he was an inhuman beast, with an insatiable urge to slit the throats and mutilate the bodies of women who prostitute themselves for a price.

The new turn of events put the police in an incredible dilemma. The climax of one of the greatest manhunts in the history of Scotland Yard had culminated . . . in an anti-climax!

Circumstantial evidence all pointed to the guilt of one of London's most eminent physicians as the murderer Jack the Ripper. This doctor was adjudged insane by a committee of psychiatrists, and it was more than likely that the facts on the murders would never be clearly established.

If the accused was brought to trial for his actions, his guilt would have to be proved . . . and no one, not even the doctor himself, knew positively that he was the murderer. Then, the issue would arise whether a man could be adjudged guilty of a crime he committed while in a state of "somnambulism," or, to put it more exactly, when a "secondary personality" had possession of his body.

It would have been interesting to follow the course of reasoning presented by the opposing counsel in such a psychological case. But the trial was not to be. For the physician was removed to a private asylum where he became the most cunning and dangerous madman confined in that institution.

In order to account for the disappearance of the doctor, a sham death by drowning in the Thames, and burial were gone through, and an empty coffin (supposed to contain the mortal remains of a great West End physician whose untimely death all London mourned) was deposited in the family vault.

Back in the private mental sanitarium, none of the keepers ever knew that the desperate and violent maniac who threw himself from side to side in his padded cell, and made long night vigils at the window facing outside, emitting piercing cries of frustration, was the famous Jack the Ripper! To them, he was simply known as "No. 124."

THE END

WAS RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S DEATH FORETOLD?
Read The Startling True Story In The June Issue!

MYSTERIES OF THE COSMOS

by John C. Ross

Wouldn't it be queer if scientists had it twisted—and the interior of the earth is cold, while outer space is extremely hot?

New scientific studies of the universe have unearthed mysterious facts which contradict all the findings of science heretofore.

Motion pictures of the sun recently taken at the Harvard Coronograph Station at Climax, Colo., high in the Rockies, reveal awe-inspiring activity which defies the laws of gravitation and all the known discoveries of how heat acts.

The photographs show huge clouds of gas constantly falling upon the sun without ever being seen to rise from its surface. No one knows where the clouds come from. Furthermore, they fall at a constant rate without any acceleration of gravity.

Nor can anyone understand why the clouds are so hot. They reach 35,000° centigrade, although the temperature of the sun's surface is only 6,000°. No one knows where the energy comes from to make them so hot. Their very existence contradicts all known laws of heat transfer as they are understood on earth.

To make matters even more difficult to understand, the corona of the sun, which is seen during total eclipses, has a temperature of 1,000,000°. Nobody knows where the corona's terrific heat comes from.

The mysterious sun clouds are enormous in size. One shown in the motion pictures was a nearly complete circle with a diameter of 1,000,000 miles—equal in size to the diameter of the sun itself. The top of the circle rose to more than a half million miles above the sun's surface.

Recent investigation has determined that the sun has no magnetic field. Yet for the past 20 years, scientists have based their work on the belief that the sun was surrounded by a very powerful magnetic field.

What happened to it? Did the sun lose its magnetic field? Or were the scientists in error and did it never have one? Whatever the truth is, the disappearance of the sun's magnetic field destroys the previous theory of the nature of cosmic rays. That theory was based on the existence of a magnetic field around the sun.

THE END

Mark Probert

Mark Probert, considered by his associates one of the greatest mediums of modern times, lives at San Diego, California. During the past two years his seances have been attended by outstanding authorities, doctors, psychologists and investigators of psychic phenomena. The genuineness of his mediumship, and the authenticity of the phenomena of his seances have never been successfully questioned. In his seances, he allows his body and mind to be usurped completely by "outside intelligences", and returns to it completely unaware of what has occurred during his "absence". He is also an artist. One of his paintings was painted while in one of his weird trances, and depicts his "guru".

MARK PROBERT,
BAFFLING SAN DIEGO MEDIUM

by Meade Layne

A MAN is murdered. The murderer performs his deed while no one is looking. He is careful not to leave any evidence that could point directly to him. He comes and goes without being seen by anyone. When picked up and questioned he doesn't confess. He is brought to trial, convicted, and eventually executed for the crime—still without confessing.

That has happened many times. The conviction is obtained by a "preponderance of evidence". A jury decides that that preponderance of evidence is strong enough for them to order the taking of the man's life.

According to Meade Layne, of San Diego, a similar preponderance of evidence indicates that the man sitting at the table in the picture on page 19 is under the control of a discarnate entity who claims to be the

N. Meade Layne, M.A., was formerly an instructor at the University of Southern California, at the University of Oregon, and at the University of Arizona. He was Department Head at Wesleyan (Illinois) and Southern College, Florida. He is at present publisher of Round Robin, the journal of Borderland Sciences Research Associates. He is an investigator of psychic phenomena and has been active in this type of work for many years. The results of his investigations are published under his own imprint, Meade Layne Publications, at 3540 Adams Avenue, San Diego 4, California. Of his work he says: "I merely want to know, and I don't try to force my views on others."

Meade Layne

Is it possible for the mysterious entities known as "discarnate" to enter and control the body of a living man? Meade Layne, a recognized authority on the subject, says yes, and presents Mark Probert as proof of his claim. The evidence is quite impressive

spirit of a Chinese philosopher and teacher of Confucius, Lao Tze.

It was not taken by infra-red film in a darkened seance room; it was taken under the glare of spotlights for FATE magazine, even as Lao Tze "controlled" the body of medium Mark Probert. It is interesting to compare the facial expression in this photo of Mark Probert under the control of Lao Tze with the photo taken under normal conditions (see cut on page 16). Yet, the picture of Mark Probert under the control of Lao Tze is not advanced as proof that he was. It was taken at the request of the editors of FATE to accompany this article for its "news value", and not in any attempt to "prove" anything.

In most attempts to prove that spirit phenomena are genuine, an attempt has been made to produce some phenomenon that cannot be

"explained" by natural means. Houdini's efforts were directed from two different angles—the duplication of the phenomenon, and the uncovering and exposure of fraud right on the scene whenever possible.

But in the case of Mark Probert there is no secret apparatus, no "phenomena", of the type that Houdini could use his genius as a magician to duplicate. "Yet," says Mr. Layne, "the preponderance of evidence over the past three years is so great that if I were the defense lawyer and you were a juror, required to listen to all the evidence and weigh it carefully, no matter how long it took for that evidence to be presented, I would not even require you to be unprejudiced at the start."

Some of the evidence consists of plaster casts of hands that dematerialized, leaving hollows that could not have permitted a solid object to be withdrawn, "voices" through trumpets, miraculous finding of lost objects by the medium, "bringing back" of departed loved ones, and fortune-telling that comes true.

Why, then, isn't this evidence advanced boldy to prove that Mark is a genuine medium—ballyhooed over the country so that Mark can make a fortune?

To answer that question we advance the words of Mr. Layne: "We are not interested in 'proving' the genuineness of Mark's mediumship or the necessary concomitant—survival after death. We believe that belief in survival is up to the individual, and if any individual wants to believe that when we die that's the absolute end of us, and that all mediumship is a fake, it is his right and we have no interest in attempting to change him.

"In Mark's mediumship we are primarily interested in the growing mass of statements of the communicators on science, philosophy, metaphysics, history, and whatever they can tell us of their own surroundings. To anyone who wishes to examine this mass of material we have gathered during the past two or three years we suggest that he consider it primarily for its intrinsic worth on the same basis as he would if the statements were asserted to be merely those of Mark himself—or of anyone else."

What does Mark Probert himself say of his mediumship? He says: "Honestly, sometimes I don't know. There are times when I think that it's something subconscious—in all of us—created as an antidote to the fear of death."

Mr. Layne, publisher of *Round Robin*, which is a bi-monthly journal devoted to the subjects of borderline sciences and phenomena, attends and more or less officiates at each of the Mark Probert seances. He is a competent, careful, and scrupulously honest observer. One need read only a few issues of Round Robin to become convinced of this. Mr. Layne's editorial comments on articles appearing in that publication show a keen analytical mind.

In the three years that Mr. Layne has published *Round Robin* there has gravitated about him a group of highly competent students, including Max Freedom Long, the greatest living authority on Huna—the religion and magic of the people of the Hawaiian Islands, the well known writer Vincent H. Gaddis, Dr. Philip Haley and others. Recently this natural association of people has crystallized into what is called BSRA,

Mark Probert in one of his trances. Painting is that of his guru, or teacher

Borderland Sciences Research Associates, with headquarters at the Meade Layne Publications, 3540 Adams Ave., San Diego 4, California. *Round Robin* has become the official publication of this group, but with-

out altering its general character and policy of the past three years.

The BSRA aims are the careful study of all current unexplained phenomena and well authenticated phenomena of the past in the light of logical analysis and discussion. The formation of BSRA provided a mechanism for others to join in this work, either as mere observers who subscribe to the official journal to read and keep informed, or as competent students and investigators who have themselves something of value to contribute to its pages. There are at present less than a thousand in this group. They are a select group of quietly serious, intelligent students of the borderland sciences.

And, Mr. Layne says, perhaps the most serious, intelligent and capable of these BSR Associates are the "communicators" who take possession of the body of Mark Probert, the medium, and listen quietly to and join in discussions of such phenomena as the "flying saucers" and the Macomb ghost-fires which observers claimed started before their eyes, unexplainably, but which were "explained" eventually by the "confession" of a 13-year-old girl that she started them with matches.

Besides Lao Tze, who was in possession of Mark's body at the time the picture shown in this article was taken, there is Lingford who died in New York forty years ago; Ali Ben Casi; Professor Luntz; the Tibetans, Lo Sun Yat and Rama Ka Lao; the astronomer, Ramond Natalli and many others. They gather even before the seance is to start.

When the seance is to begin there is no darkening of the room and joining of hands. Mark Probert sits at a table and engages those present in conversation, seeming unconcerned over what is to come. He is barely over five feet tall and a few pounds over a hundred in weight, yet, as he sits there, observers completely forget he is small. Full of good humor and delighting in good jokes, he dominates the room, talking on any subject that comes to mind, or subtly leading his guests into conversation.

Let Meade Layne tell what happens next: "Suddenly, almost without warning, he is no longer Mark, the host. There is a sigh from deep within the slight frame—and from a Universe that lies within and around us, but which science has not yet touched, some Being settles into place and takes control of his body. That sigh is as the sigh of a cold wind on a mountain crag with ice and snow and the loneliness of the wildernesses of the Earth. It is the cold breath of outer space whispering outside the window casements of a warm room, in which people sit comfortably, safe from harm.

"Then, with the smooth quietness of an ocean liner coming into port, the face changes. It is more than a contortion of the muscles. It is a change of personality—the outward expression of a different soul. It may be Lingford, Lao Tze, or some other spirit that once lived in an Earth body of its own—and died. It may be a spirit that has never before re-entered a living body on our plane or the spirit of someone who died recently. But it is there, unassuming, unmiraculous, but there.

"It may remain mute, unable to control the muscles that make speech, or again it may speak in some strange language. If so, it is soon told by its 'other side' associates to take its departure. But if it is such a control as Lingford or Lao Tze, he will speak in English, answering questions, talking, often for 30 or 40 minutes at a time. And then, either abruptly or with a courteous farewell, the spirit departs. There is a moment of deep quiet—and Mark is back, unmistakably there. So completely different was his body under control that it seems a surprise that it is actually he again.

"Quiet and lack of disturbance in the room are always helpful. Sudden noises, the noisy entrance of a newcomer, can disrupt the seance, causing the spirit in possession to lose its grip, bringing Mark back too suddenly for his own welfare. Though darkness is never necessary there are usually no glaring lights, and if the seance is held during the day, shades are usually drawn sufficiently to keep out the direct glare of sunlight.

"Therefore, to take a picture of Mark under the control of Lao Tze was actually a remarkable feat. Glaring lights and people moving about would often—and with most mediums—destroy all chances of success. Yet the old philosopher, Lao Tze, was not disturbed, but showed great curiosity about the whole procedure and was deeply interested—surprised at the simpleness of the operation of taking a photograph. He had waited 2,500 years, he said, to have his photograph taken—but added that he had gotten along very well without it, for all that—and that he would be much interested in seeing the print when it was completed.

"It is a very remarkable picture. In itself it proves nothing. Together with the preponderance of evidence we have gathered it is perhaps one of the most remarkable photographs ever taken."

THE PHANTOM TRAIN

THE YEAR was 1914. The train from Winnipeg was due at Baudette about seven in the evening. I sent my brother-in-law to the Post Office at seven-thirty to get the mail and he was told that there had been a bad wreck up the line and there would be no train until the next morning.

About ten o'clock that night I was looking out my front window facing the tracks. In the distance I saw the headlight of the engine, growing brighter each second. I saw the engine and the long line of coaches come slowly into sight and come to a stop less than half a mile away, the coaches brilliantly lighted. It was a pretty sight on that cold, wintry night.

I called my mother-in-law's attention to it and we watched for awhile. We could see no passengers—the coaches seemed to be utterly empty. Then suddenly the lights vanished.

The next morning we learned that the train had not come in at all—was not expected until nine o'clock that morning. There had been no train. What we saw was a phantom, but certainly a very plain one.

—*Mabel W. Stevens*

THE INCA'S SECRET SOLVED

by M. K. Jessup

For years the Maya's skill in constructing stone walls without mortar, so perfectly a knife blade could not be inserted in the cracks, has baffled us. Here is the answer.

AWAY back in the dim days, not only beyond the recall of civilizations now existing, but ancient even before the first white man set foot on the Americas, a powerful race of men lived in the lofty fastness of the high Andes. Everyone knows about the Incas of Peru and the fabulous wealth which was taken from them through torture by the Spaniards. Few, however, know that much of their famous stone work was built on foundations laid by a race, mythical in its antiquity, of which so little is known that practically the only description which can be given them is implied in the one phrase: "pre-Inca."

Most of us have read or heard that the Incas were a race of stonecutters whose skill was much greater than that of present day craftsmen. So great was their skill, so we are told, that they were able to quarry stones and cut them to such a fine precision that they not only fitted perfectly but needed no cement to hold them together. It is also told, and accurately, that much of the Inca masonry is so close fitting that even a thin knife blade cannot be thrust into the joints.

Less familiar, however, is the fact that there are single stones in some of the walls weighing fifty tons or more. Or that there are still larger masses of stone weighing perhaps one or two hundred tons, which show every sign of having been torn from the mountain sides by geologic forces *after* they had had stairways, rooms, and passages cut in them by human hands.

There is an observatory to which scientists have attributed an age of at least thirteen thousand years, based on astronomical evidence. There is evidence that the Incas quarried stone from the shattered remains of masonry work which must have been made by people who had flourished thousands of years before them.

In attributing such phenomenal skill to the Inca stonecutters, we are but falling into an error common to our ways of thinking. Because we quarry our stone and cut it to shape before making our walls,

we assume that the Inca did the same thing. However, the stonecutting of the Incas needed no complex or mystical tools of hard metal, formed by a lost art, as many explorers have claimed. We have attributed to the Inca an intelligence inferior to our own and a skill much greater than that of our modern masons. Actually the Inca, lacking our tools and likewise our skill, produced a miracle of wall-building through the sheer brain power to take a short cut.

The Inca stones were not pre-cut to specified sizes and dimensions. Instead they were rough-quarried, when quarried at all, and then ground to a perfect fit, *in situ*. The Inca potentate building a new palace or store house was thus able to make use of unskilled labor throughout, and without the aid of an engineering staff or complex blueprints, so necessary to present-day structural projects. In fact, so simple was the process that the emperor could possibly have found time to oversee the work himself.

How do we know this? Easy. The stones in the Inca walls are cut to very irregular shapes, few are rectangular, many have concavities and "inside corners". One stone actually has twelve corners, or angles, counting inside and outside ones. But—and here is the little thing that gives away the secret—there are no corners concave *downward*. In every case of a concave, or inside, corner there is perfect evidence that the stone above was worked into place by grinding under its own weight. So simple!

In the earliest walls very irregular stones were used. Probably they were loose boulders or, if quarried, were hacked out crudely. Later walls show remarkable development in skill, however. The latest walls were made of a red stone cut to approximate shape in large slabs nearly a foot thick and four feet long. Each shows perfect fitting at the joints, and at each joint there is a tiny protuberance from the upper stone into the minute space between the two lower stones—the never-failing telltale showing that even these were worked into their final perfect fit by grinding, aided by the force of gravity.

Now, instead of imagining an army of skilled stonecutters, each spending years working at a few stones of predetermined shape, it is easy to picture a horde of unskilled laborers lined up along a wall. The bottom tier of rocks has been set into the ground and another tier of rough or semi-finished stones laid on top. The entire group of workers, perhaps hundreds in number, are slowly pushing stones back and forth, perhaps pouring on a little water and sand now and then. And, who knows, maybe whole buildings went up to the rhythm of mountain music not far removed from the style of modern hillbilly!

For such a construction there is no need to envision hopeless slaves driven by cruel and heartless masters under a torrid tropical sun, as we have imagined heretofore in the case not only of the Incas, but of the Egyptians and other races whose stone structures have been marvels in magnitude and magnificence. Instead, the buildings of the Incas could be the outcome of civic pride under the direction of a benign monarch, and the work done by a socialized community in the seasons between crops. The magnitude of

the Inca stone work is not appalling when considered in this light.

There are those who have tried to connect the mystical images of Easter Island and the stone platforms on which they rest with the masons of early Peru. Certain resemblances in the walls have been noted in a vague way. Perhaps a more detailed inspection would tell whether the joints at Easter Island were made by grinding, *in situ*, with the aid of gravity. If so, would not this unique method identify the makers with the masons of the Incas?

Plate A. This is the famous "stone with twelve corners," which is so often cited as an example of the careful forethought used in planning a wall so that each stone fits a certain niche.

In A we may assume the lowest layer to be in place. The mason then lays the rough stone, No. 1, on the wall and his helpers proceed to fit it by pulling it back and forth at right angles to the face of the wall until its left hand and bottom surfaces fit perfectly against those of their neighbors. Large twelve-cornered stone, No. 2, was next in place. The curvature of the joint, 1-2, and the rounded corners indicate grinding *in situ*. Third in place was No. 3, again with a curved joint. Numbers 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, were put on in order, each being perfectly fitted before the next was started. Notice how No. 4 was worked in as a wedge under its own weight. The rounded corners and curved sides are a natural result of grinding. Corners 4-5-6, 2-7-8, and 2-8-9 are especially interesting in this respect.

It is at once obvious that joints so made could easily reach a perfection such that the penetration of a knife would be difficult or impossible, and especially so if the fine sand and powder caused by the grinding were permitted to remain in the joints, which seems to have happened in some cases.

Plate B shows a wall of somewhat better grade; at least there is more attention to detail. Here there is ample material for checking the assumption that stones were fitted *in situ*. Without going into detail it will be sufficient to call attention to certain stones and joints. Anyone with sufficient interest can work out the approximate order in which the stones were placed. Notice is directed to corner 1-2-3, base of No. 4, corner 5-6-7, upper surface of No. 8, lower surface of No. 9, and many others. The stone above joint 1-2 is especially interesting. It is to be surmised that the quarrying was done with greater care in this case since the elements of the wall of Plate B are much more nearly rectangular.

It is said that the wall of the Temple

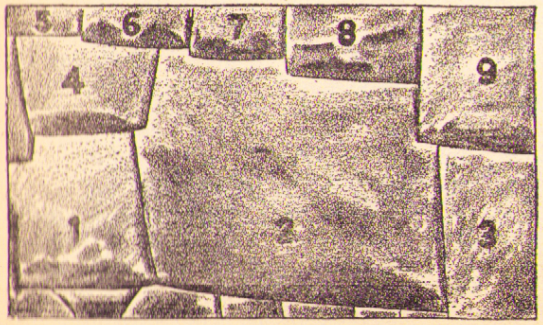


PLATE A

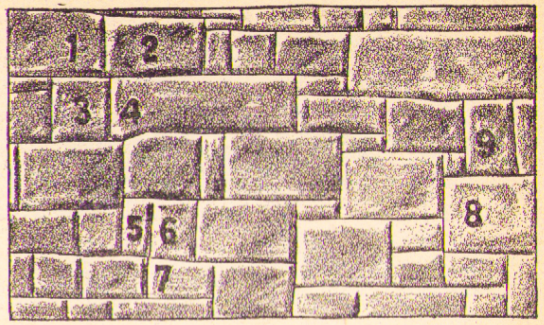


PLATE B

of the Sun is seven to nine feet thick. Its outer sides have a pronounced slope and curved contours. Fitting by rubbing is again in evidence, but even more striking is the smooth curved surface. The quarrying here represents an advanced stage, stones being approximately fitted before being placed in the wall. The surface was probably smoothed and rounded by the application of abrasive stones to the wall after blocks were fitted in place. The sloping wall would facilitate this and might, in part, be an outcome of the method.

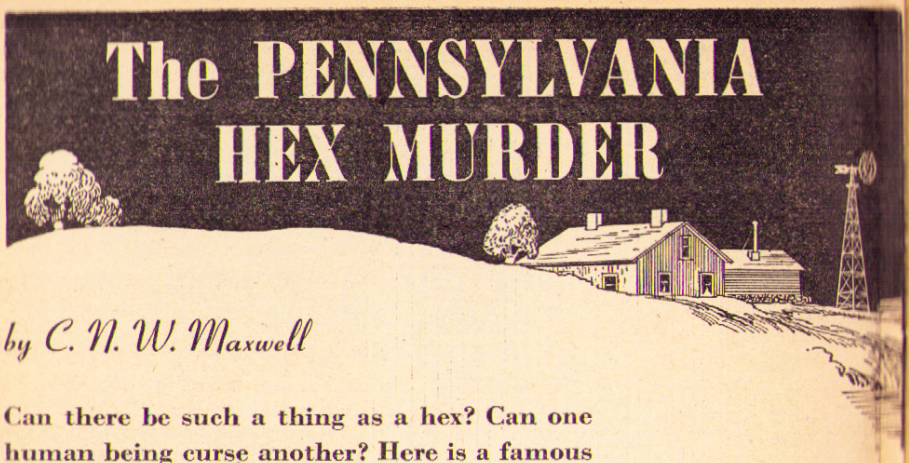
There are one or two exterior walls in Cuzco showing a refinement greater than the Temple of the Sun. In these are found joints which are horizontal and vertical to a close approximation. In these there is evidence that a great deal of thought was given to the final appearance. Quarrying was done very carefully. Walls seem to have been built up one complete tier at a time. Individual stones were worked in as before, but owing to superior quarrying methods, the wear at corners seldom amounts to an eighth of an inch, there being only enough to show the method still in use. As a tier was finished it is probable that its entire upper surface was ground flat and horizontal with large stones dragged or pushed along the top. Thus successive tiers always started from a smooth level surface, making horizontal, continuous joints. Care was taken to finish the surface of each stone, but not the entire wall as a unit, as in the case of the Temple of the Sun. The blankness of the wall is relieved by making each stone slightly convex, and this also could be done by grinding *in situ*.

Any worker with optical glass knows that in grinding one surface on another the upper one becomes concave and the lower convex. It would undoubtedly come about in the making of walls by the grinding process that the bottom surfaces of stones would become slightly concave and the upper surfaces convex to fit. This would produce a slight interlocking effect which would add greatly to the permanence and stability of a structure. In certain cases (eg., No. 4, Plate A) the lateral surfaces might also partake of this curvature, and additional strength result. The writer has not seen an example of such curvature in the walls. It would be of great interest to examine the inner surfaces of some of the stones to verify this hypothesis.

A progressive improvement in the construction and especially in the quarrying is noticeable. This follows naturally as one generation builds on the experience of another, and the number of skilled grinders increases, so that some are transferred to quarrying. Quarrying is thus seen to change from an unskilled or semi-skilled labor to a task for skilled and experienced workmen.

THE END

The PENNSYLVANIA HEX MURDER



by C. N. W. Maxwell

Can there be such a thing as a hex? Can one human being curse another? Here is a famous Pennsylvania case in which a hexer was slain

INTO the peaceful countryside of York County, Pa., one late November day exactly 20 years ago came murder. It was not ordinary homicide, but murder of one witch by another witch who believed a spell had been cast against him. Before the trial was over and the murderer had been convicted, many fantastic elements had entered into the case. The eyes of the nation were focused upon the Pennsylvania Dutch section of the state where no less an authority than the county medical association charged that thousands of persons still believed in witchcraft.

There was never any mystery about who the murderer was. He frankly admitted it, and instead of being perturbed he spoke calmly and triumphantly.

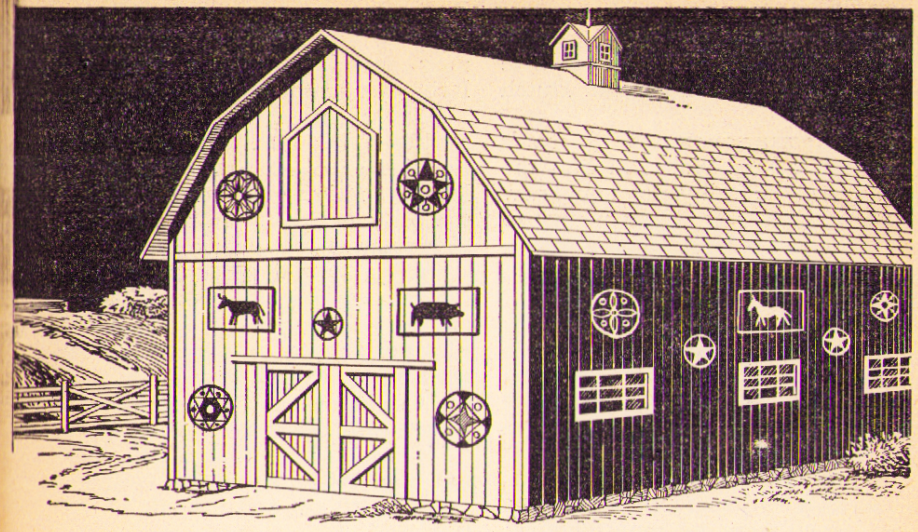
"I am happy now. I am not bewitched any more. I can sleep and eat and I am not pining away."

A mysterious and ancient book of magic spells, guaranteed to protect the owner from disaster also entered into the strange case. The tip-off as to the murderer came from one "pow-wow doctor." Other witches were mixed up in the case from beginning to end.

And when the trial was over there was more than a strong suspicion by observers that the penalties against the three persons involved had been unduly harsh because of the York County jury's determination to show the nation that witchcraft wasn't an issue in the case at all—and didn't exist in York County.

The murdered man, Nelson D. Rehmeyer, had been unwell for years. Whether he had consulted regular physicians is not known, but if he had they seemed to do him no good. So he patronized the numerous "pow-wow doctors" of York County, who had existed there since the German settlers first came to Pennsylvania in Colonial times.

Rehmeyer welcomed all "pow-wow men" and followed their prescriptions eagerly. Every stranger who came to his farm house in North Hopewell Township, 19 miles from York, Pa., was welcomed and Rehmeyer followed his mystical formulas gladly, hoping that at last he would find the cure to his various ailments. From a believer in black magic, he became a devotee, and finally became a practitioner himself. His estranged wife Alice later declared that his belief in black magic had broken up their home. They had been parted for four years when Rehmeyer was killed.



The unquestioned leader of the three murderers was John Blymyer, 33, a life-long mystic. Blymyer was a slender, pale man, obviously unwell, who laid the cause of his sickness upon Rehmeyer. Blymyer had been admitted to the York County hospital four years before suffering from what doctors chose to call the "witchcraft delusion," and was sent to the State Hospital for the Insane at Harrisburg. He was later discharged as cured.

But Blymyer took sick. He consulted various medical doctors who apparently did not do him any good. So, like Rehmeyer, he went to the pow-wow men. Several told him he was bewitched but none could tell him who had cast the spell upon him. Finally he consulted a female pow-wow doctor known as Mrs. Noll, who had been called "the high priestess of Marietta." Mrs. Noll told Blymyer that the spell had been put upon him by Nelson Rehmeyer.

There was only one way to get rid of the spell, she said. Blymyer must either obtain a lock of Rehmeyer's hair and bury it under eight feet of ground, or obtain a book that Rehmeyer had which would protect anyone who possessed it. The book was a little brown volume entitled, "The Long Lost Friend," written in 1819 and published in Harrisburg, Pa.,

in 1856. This was a standard volume used by many Pennsylvania Dutch witches.

There was no question in Blymyer's mind that Mrs. Noll told him the truth. But the frail young man knew he would never be strong enough to obtain a lock of hair from the powerful farmer by force. He decided to get help.

On Sunday, November 26, 1928, he went to the home of a dairy farmer named Hess who had been having a great many misfortunes. The Hesses had been having right-of-way trouble with a neighbor. Hess himself was sick and his wife felt she was bewitched. Their cows didn't give milk and the chickens got roup. Blymyer had been working on them for some time and had finally convinced them that Rehmeyer had them under a spell and that if they could only bury a lock of his hair eight feet under ground all their troubles would be over.

Blymyer didn't say much about his own troubles with and fears of Rehmeyer. He even collected a $10 fee from the Hesses for his information. But on this Sunday the Hesses refused to help him get the lock of hair. The following day he enlisted the aid of a young friend, John Curry, 14, and went to Rehmeyer's home. They talked, and finally Blymyer and Curry spent the night there, sleeping in the kitchen while Rehmeyer slept upstairs.

Blymyer felt that even he and Curry together would be no match for the powerful farmer, so the following day they enlisted the help of Wilbert G. Hess, 18, son of the bewitched Hess family. The three went to the Rehmeyer home in the evening and knocked on the door. Rehmeyer let them in.

Blymyer asked Rehmeyer if he could see the book. But even before the farmer could answer Blymyer leaped at him, grabbed him about the body and bore him to the floor. Curry and Hess jumped on too. After a scuffle, Blymyer yelled to tie Rehmeyer's legs and cut his hair. Rehmeyer tried to get up, and yelled. Blymyer jumped on him again. He grabbed a piece of stove wood and hit the farmer over the head. He handed another piece of stove wood to Hess and told him to hit Rehmeyer. Hess hit him once or twice over the left ear and the side of the head.

The farmer was thoroughly terrified but not unconscious. They demanded money of him and he told them where he had a small amount concealed. They got the money, then tied a rope around Rehmeyer's neck.

Blymyer said "choke him," and Curry pulled the rope tight.

"He pulled and pulled until I could not hear Rehmeyer breathe any more," Hess said in his confession.

The three searched the house for the book, but could not find it. They did find some money, and Hess was given $3 of it. They then came downstairs, covered Rehmeyer's body with a quilt, poured oil on it, and set it afire. Blymyer was growing increasingly nervous. He thought he saw a neighbor coming and the three left the farmhouse before making sure the house was thoroughly ablaze. *Strangely enough the fire went out.*

The two boys and the terrified witch doctor ran into the night leaving their grisly evidence. They had

even forgotten to cut off a lock of Rehmeyer's hair, though quite probably they considered the spell broken with his death.

The braying of a mule called the neighbors' attention to the crime. John W. Dice, a "miracle man" who once served a jail term for curing blindness with sea monster's tears, told police that Blymyer and Rehmeyer had "worked pow-wow" together. He also revealed that Curry and Hess were intimates of Blymyer. All three were promptly seized and confessed.

York County was thrown into an uproar. This was the second hex murder in six years. The York County Medical Society issued a statement that the majority of York County residents believed in voodooism and the black art. They reported that the county had scores of pow-wow doctors who were doing a big business by removing spells to effect cures.

County Coroner L. V. Zach declared that the deaths of at least five small children in the past two years could be attributed to pow-wow healing. The York County Medical Society pooh-poohed the coroner's conservatism, and declared that scores of infants and some adults died annually there as a result of voodooism and its allied arts.

A copy of the magic book turned up. The flyleaf read as follows:

" 'The Long Lost Friend,' a collection of mysterious and invaluable arts and remedies for man as well as animals, with many proofs of their virtue and efficacy in healing diseases, etc., the greater part of which was never published until they appeared in print for the first time in the United States in the year 1820. By John George Hohman, Harrisburg, Pa., 1856. T. F. Scheffer, Printer."

The next page of the book declared:

"Whoever carries this book with him is safe from all his enemies, visible or invisible; and whoever has this book with him cannot die without the Holy Corpse of Jesus Christ, nor drown in any water, nor burn up in any fire, nor can any unjust sentence be passed upon him. So help me."

The preface said the book had been written by Hohman at Rosenthal, near Reading, in 1819.

More than 50 pages were devoted to cures of human and animal diseases. In between such a paragraph as "How to cure the sweeney in horses," and "To cure for epilepsy," would be found a paragraph entitled "How to make a good beer." There were instructions on how to cure everything from a mad dog bite to the refusal of cattle to come home.

Many of the spells consisted of repeating charms in which the name of the Deity appeared frequently.

In the next five or six weeks there seemed to be a marked change in the attitude of York citizens. Witchcraft had been widely known to exist there. It had been a subject of jesting or, in some cases, of cautious whispering for fear the whisperers might themselves be bewitched. But the crime had focused attention upon the peculiar beliefs of so many of the county's citizens. There grew up a determination to show the outside that York County was as normal as any other county in the United States.

Judge Ray P. Sherwood early in January ruled that belief in witchcraft or similar "delusions" did not constitute legal insanity. This prac-

tically assured Blymyer's conviction.

In the trial, the prosecution studiously ignored the witchcraft angle and the suggestion that Blymyer had killed Rehmeyer for a lock of his hair. They sought to prove that robbery was the motive. Blymyer testified, however, that with Rehmeyer dead he felt the spell was broken. He also said that the hair was so bloody he felt he would be doing more harm than good if he buried it.

Blymyer testified that he would murder the presiding judge or the district attorney, Ames W. Hermann, if he thought that they had bewitched him. Blymyer's attorney, Herbert B. Cohen, tried to show how the prisoner had been a life-time believer in witchcraft, but the court did not consider that evidence material. Here is part of the testimony:

COHEN: "For the past 10 years, how have you been feeling, John?"

BLYMYER: I couldn't rest or sleep; I couldn't talk.

COHEN: "Did you see any doctors?"

BLYMYER: "Yes, Dr. Lenhart (a pow-wow man)."

COHEN: "No, I mean real doctors. Any real doctors?" Here Blymyer named half a dozen physicians he had seen.

COHEN: "Did they help you?"

BLYMYER: "I think they helped me some."

"Did you feel any better after you saw them?"

"No, not much."

"After you went to the medical doctors, John, you went to Dr. Lenhart?"

"Yes."

"What did he say was the matter with you?"

"He said I was bewitched."

"Who else treated you?"

"Sam Schmuck (a local pow-wow man)."

"How many times did you see Sam Schmuck?"

"About a dozen."

"Did you feel any better after you saw him?"

"No."

"What did Sam Schmuck say was the matter with you?"

"He said I was bewitched."

"How many times did you see Mrs. Noll? (aged witch of Marietta)."

"Oh, quite a few times."

"What did she tell you was the matter with you?"

"She said I was bewitched."

"What did you say to her when you first saw her?"

"She asked me first how I felt and I said that's why I came here. Then she told me that somebody was keeping my rest from me, that I couldn't sleep or eat and was pining away."

"And you believed that you were pining away?"

"Yes sir."

"Did Mrs. Noll tell you who had bewitched you?"

"Yes. She said a gentleman down in the country. She said Rehmeyer and I said which Rehmeyer, and she said Nelson Rehmeyer."

Blymyer thereupon took a $1 bill and showed how Mrs. Noll handled it. He placed it across the palm of his hand and looked up at the courtroom.

"She put it on my hand this way," he testified. "Then she said some words and took it off and I looked down in my hand and there in my hand I could see Nelson Rehmeyer."

"What did you say then?"

"I asked her what would break the spell and she said get the book, the long-lost friend, or the lock of hair."

"Did she know Rehmeyer had such a book?"

"She must have. She told me to get the book."

"How many times did you go back to see Mrs. Noll?"

"Five or six times."

"Did she always tell you Nelson Rehmeyer had bewitched you?"

"Yes, but that was the first time I saw him in my hand."

"When was this?"

"Maybe about three months ago—something like that."

"Did anyone else ever tell you Nelson Rehmeyer had you hexed?"

"No sir."

"After Mrs. Noll, did you see any other pow-wow doctors?"

"Yes, Lenhart and Schmuck."

"Did they tell you who had bewitched you?"

"No. They said I was bewitched but they said they weren't sure who did it."

In later testimony, Wilbert Hess's father said:

"I felt that something awful was happening and it was my family suffering. Blymyer told me that the Rehmeyer people had us bewitched. I feel as though my flesh was boiling continually. I couldn't eat, I couldn't work, I couldn't rest, and at last I had to believe him. The condition of my wife and children was enough to set any man crazy."

Mrs. Hess said:

"I didn't know how to do anything. I had a wonderful family, but it got so I didn't care if my children got anything to eat or anything else. Our chickens got away and something was done to our cattle."

"You were thoroughly convinced you were bewitched?" her attorney asked.

"Yes sir."

Despite the conviction of most everyone in the court that the three murderers were sincere in their belief in witchcraft, they were all found guilty. John Blymyer was found guilty of first degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment on January 9, 1929. He stood impassive and disinterested as sentence was passed, and once he lifted his hand and yawned.

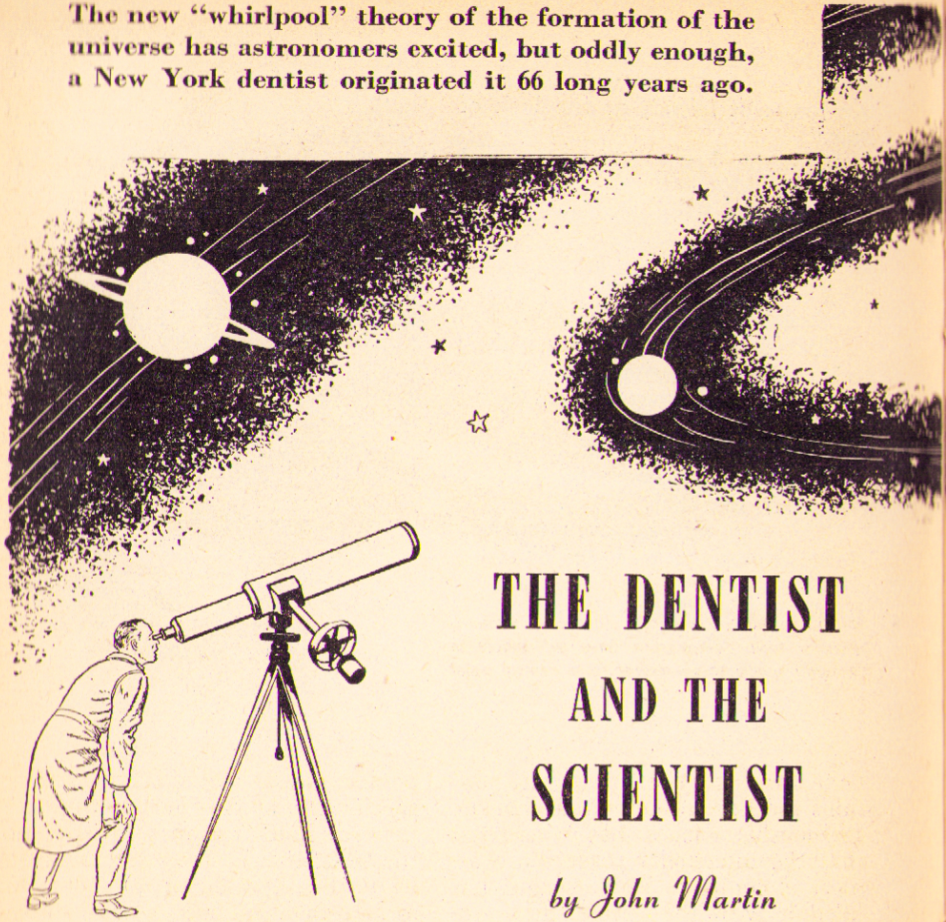
On January 11, John Curry, only 14 years old, was also convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment, and on the next day, Wilbert Hess, thin-faced, gawky, stood in his brown stained suit, his bright blue butterfly bow-tie incongruously gaudy, and heard himself found guilty of second degree murder and sentenced to 10 to 20 years imprisonment. His sentence was unusual because of the first degree murder verdict returned for the other two.

Thus ended the Pennsylvania Hex murder case. Three young men went to prison because their own personal beliefs in witchcraft and the black art were at variance with the sovereign laws of the state of Pennsylvania. Blymyer, the ring-leader, was almost happy.

"I'm not bewitched any more," he said. "I'm not pining away now." He paused a moment and added, "But I think we went a little strong. Yes, that's it—a little too strong."

THE END

The new "whirlpool" theory of the formation of the universe has astronomers excited, but oddly enough, a New York dentist originated it 66 long years ago.

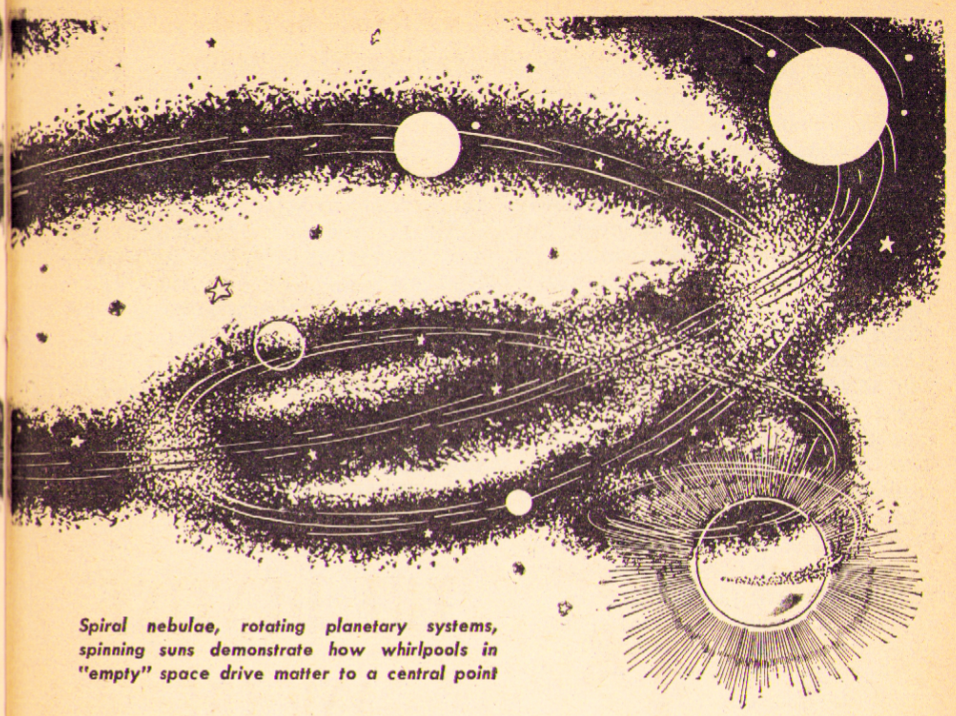


THE DENTIST AND THE SCIENTIST

by John Martin

THE other day, while reading over the report of the meeting of the International Astronomical Union at Zurich, we found cause for a chuckle in the otherwise staid and decorous proceedings. It wasn't anything in the Union that made us laugh — but as we read, we thought of a New York dentist who died way back in 1891. Actually, we should have been more astounded than amused; it is only that it is so seldom we get a chance to feel the "equal" to a scientist that we reacted as we did . . .

But Professor Bengt Stromgren of the University of Copenhagen Observatory was not laughing when he described his latest theory of the nature of interstellar matter. The



Spiral nebulae, rotating planetary systems, spinning suns demonstrate how whirlpools in "empty" space drive matter to a central point

very term, interstellar matter, contains the key to our initial chuckle. Previously, science has considered that the interstellar reaches are almost a complete vacuum and has filled it with the term—ether. According to Professor Stromgren, space —and normal stars, planets and other bodies of the universe are *exactly the same*. Both are matter; one is less dense than the other. Of course, he said it in more scientific terms, but when it was boiled down, it left empty space no longer empty.

Specifically, he said, a chunk of space the size of a big room, would contain about ten million atoms of hydrogen, sixty atoms of sodium, one hundred atoms of calcium, four of potassium and two of titanium. Less specifically, he gave helium approximately a million atoms and expressed the belief that all the other elements were also represented in about the same proportion as in normal stars.

Substantiating Professor Stromgren's theory, Professor Lyman Spitzer, Jr., of Princeton, expressed his belief that stars were formed out of space material. He was convinced that atoms in space group together to form matter.

It remained to Professor Fred Whipple of Harvard to carry the idea to its conclusion, showing how interstellar bodies were actually formed. Dr. Whipple pictured an enormous cloud of dust and gas, approximately

five trillion, five hundred billion miles across containing greatly rarified matter, constituting almost precisely the same mass existing in our solar system today.

The whole cloud whirled but slowly in the beginning, he believes, but contained within it smaller subclouds which were whirling much faster. Spinning slowly in a vast vortex, the cloud began to collapse upon itself. As the whirling motion drove more of the attenuated matter of space toward the center, millions of years passed. The cloud became smaller. The smaller it became, the more rapidly it shrank. The *matter* of space became concentrated at the center. Due to the friction and the tremendous pressure of its mass it all began to grow hot and to glow. It was this central collection of matter that formed our sun.

The planets were formed by the minor subclouds in the parent mass which were whirling individually and at greater speed and therefore formed bodies of material long before the central planet or sun had collapsed completely upon itself. As the planets moved about the parent cloud, they picked up more cosmic matter. Spiraling inward they arrived at about the distances from the sun that astronomers observe at the present day.

In brief summary, then, the entire cosmos is formed of matter in two forms: a very attenuated form which we have called ether or empty space and a very dense form which we have called stars, suns, planets and the various bodies such as comets, asteroids, satellites and so on. There seems to be no argument here as to which came first. It was the more attenuated matter, empty space, which existed in the beginning. It was when this rarified matter took up a rotary motion and collapsed upon itself that the denser matter was formed, creating such stellar phenomena as our solar system.

During the past few months the new theory has been gaining weight and has been worked out in greater detail. The scientists who have made these discoveries are working earnestly and sincerely, and as should be expected, the vast body of critical astronomers are trying to puncture holes in the new dust cloud theory. Even Dr. Whipple admits that there is much work to be done, both in elaborating on his theory and proving it mathematically, and in checking and answering the critical challenges of other astronomers.

What's humorous in all that, you ask? Nothing, really, but read on . . .

It all began with a New York dentist, sixty-six years ago. His name was John Ballou Newbrough. In 1882 he wrote a book; the following quotations are from that book:

"There are two known things in the universe. Ethe and corpor. The former is the solvent of the latter. Earth substance as such is equally soluble in ethe and the great etherean firmament is thus constituted, being a dense solution of corpor. In the main, etherea is transparent, but in some places translucent and others opaque. Here are iron and copper and granite and lead and water and clay and nitrogen and oxygen and hydrogen and various other kinds of corporeal substances as known on the earth and besides these, millions of things not known on the earth; and ethe holds them in solution, even after the manner that the air holds

the substance of clouds which is water in solution. And as some clouds are so rarified as to be imperceptible while others are opaque and even black, so are the comparative conditions of etherea.

"In the case of the vortex in etherea, that is after a manner of a whirlwind on the earth, the corporeal solutions have been held toward the center thereof in greater density. When it is sufficiently dense to manifest light and shadow, it is called a comet or nebula. When still more dense, it is a planet.

"The earth's vortex is a sub-vortex, existing within the sun's vortex. Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and so on are corporeal worlds and each and all of them within subvortices, and a combination of all these vortices within the sun's vortex are known by the names Great Serpent or Solar Phalanx.

"In the beginning of the earth's vortex the current concentrated certain substances in the center thereof where by friction the vortexya manifested in heat so that when the congregation of materials of the earth's substance were together they were as a molten mass of fire.

"By vortexya, was the earth first formed as a ball of fire. What is called corporeal substance, which has length, breadth and thickness, remains so by no power of its own but by vortexya external thereto; exchange the vortexya and the corpor goes into solution. This power was by the ancients called uz, or the fourth dimension of corpor. Therefore, it is said the tendency of corpor is to uncorpor itself, dissolve or evaporate.

"The superstitions of the ancients still cling to philosophers. They seek first to find the cause of things in the sun, or failing therein, turn to the moon, or failing here, they turn to the stars."

Touche, dentist Newbrough! When you wrote your book in 1881, you called it *Oahspe, A New Bible*. How right you were. Believe and ye shall be saved—from all that thinking! The laugh is definitely on the astronomers.

And that's what made us chuckle. Think of the mental calisthenics Professor Bengt Stromgren could have saved himself if he'd read Newbrough's book!

Or maybe he *did* read it, and the laugh's on us!

The *true* scientists, the thinkers, have proved that even a dentist can beat them out by sixty-six years, if he just puts his mind to it!

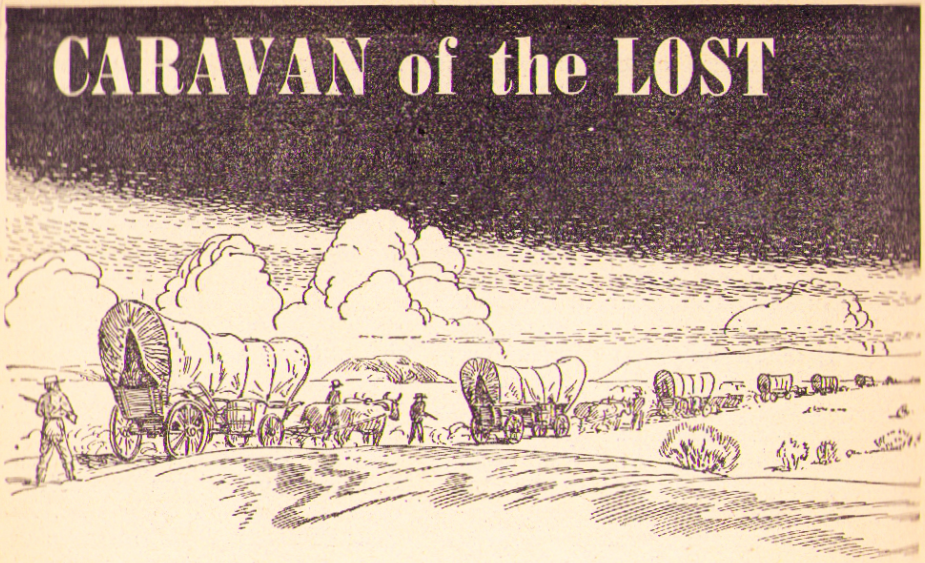
Which ought to be an inspiration to the rest of us.

SKY OCTOPUS OVER SWEDEN

RECENTLY the people of Katrineholm, 80 miles west of Stockholm, Sweden, were treated to a mysterious "sky octopus" which was visible for three hours.

Eyewitnesses said the mysterious object resembled a brilliant star, but like an octopus, had a number of fiery streamers. No sound was heard, as might be noted with the passage of a jet plane. The object moved in a north and south direction, and frequently changed its direction. Authorities at Katrineholm could give no reasonable explanation to the phenomenon.

CARAVAN of the LOST



by Vincent H. Gaddis

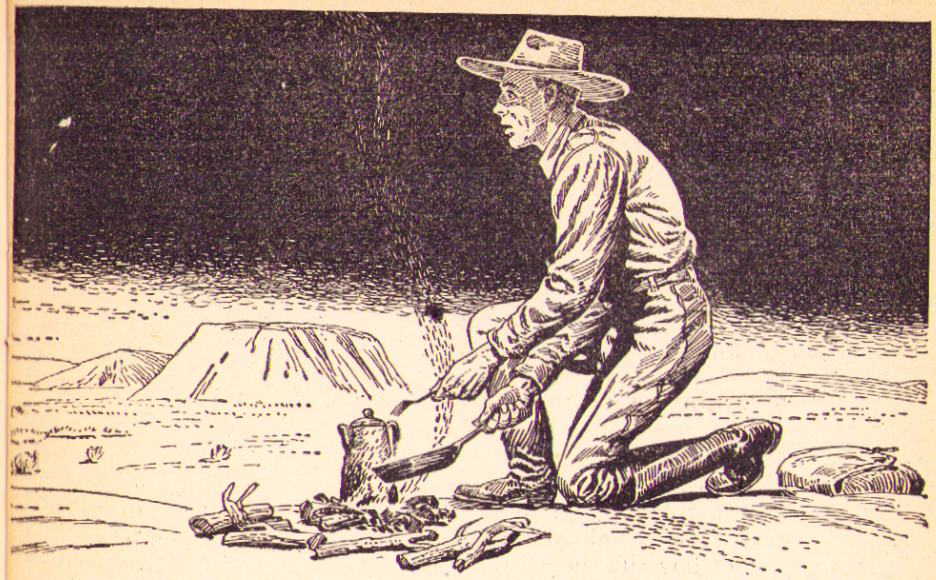
This phantom wagon train is one of the most authenticated of American mysteries. Its ghostly cavalcade has been seen by unimpeachable witnesses

EARLY on the morning of April 3rd, 1851, an emigrant train of some three score wagons crawled out of Fort Leavenworth along the Oregon Trail. Bound for the new gold discoveries at Thompson's Dry Diggings (now Yreka), California, the train crossed the Platte River at Fort Kearney on April 17th. Sixteen days later it passed Fort Laramie, and on June 9th, after winding over the South Pass, it arrived at Fort Bridger.

For a week the train remained at Fort Bridger. Members of the party devoted themselves to overhauling and repairing their equipment and stocking provisions for the plunge through the wilderness ahead. The caravan was exceptionally large, well armed, fully supplied, and under the command of fearless leaders who knew where they were going and how they were going to get there.

On June 17th the train left Fort Bridger for Fort Hall, about one hundred and seventy-five miles to the northwest. But it never arrived!

Reports issued by government officials stationed at Leavenworth, Kearney and Laramie list the dates that the caravan passed these forts. No records were kept at Fort



Dr. G. W. MacNurlen watched in wonder while the phantom caravan went past. He heard clanking chains, creaking wheels and the lowing of oxen.

Bridger, but it has been confirmed that the train arrived there on June 9th and left on June 17th. Altogether, records trace the route of the caravan for a distance of eleven hundred and twenty miles over a period of seventy-six days.

The Oregon Trail was well traveled at the time. Parties coming into Fort Bridger from Fort Hall had seen nothing of the train. No additional information has ever come to light. One can only say that somewhere between Fort Bridger and Fort Hall, a relatively short distance, this large caravan completely vanished. No greater mystery is to be found in the annals of the west.

Life along the Oregon Trail flowed on. Years passed, and the enigma of the disappearing wagon train was forgotten. Then, in 1865, Andy MacDonald, a trapper, reported observing a large caravan near the upper forks of the Colorado River in Utah. It is not known if he made any attempts to communicate with it.

More reports followed. In 1867 the caravan was sighted in the Gila River country, and five years later another report came from the Painted Desert of Arizona. In the year 1886 it was noticed several times near the Grand Canyon in Nevada. As time passed, the reports multiplied, and the ghostly caravan that wandered in the western wilderness became a legend. Prospectors and cattlemen told of spectral prairie schooners riding the

dark, trackless trails of the night.

In 1901 Colonel Parker, in charge of a troop of cavalry, was traveling across a stretch of desert near Death Valley in California when a sandstorm arose. In the midst of the storm a large train of covered wagons was noticed on the other side of a deep, intervening wash. The troop's colors were waved and shots fired in an attempt to attract the caravan's attention, but no response was received. With darkness coming on, the troop went into camp for the night.

Early on the following morning Colonel Parker and his men managed to cross the intervening gully. No trace, however, of the caravan could be found. Apparently the storm had obliterated all markings on the sand. But Colonel Parker was puzzled — well he knew that no emigrant trains had come west for years. Three days were spent in a fruitless search for the elusive caravan.

Colonel Parker considered his observation of importance and he made a detailed official report of the matter. He closes his account as follows: "The clankings of the trace-chains, and the squeakings of the wagons as they crossed a low spur which projected from the main hill, and which I later ascertained to be of boulder-strewn adobe formation, were plainly audible to every man of the troop; as was the mooing of the cattle, of which they possessed a considerable herd. And, at one time, the distinct neighing of a horse was remarked by both Captain Goddard and Lieutenant Howard, as well as by myself."

Another remarkable observation was made by Dr. G. W. MacNurlen in the late spring of 1922. Dr. MacNurlen had been prospecting west of the Funeral Mountains and south of the Rotten Owl Range, and had established his camp on the edge of a brook. One night he awakened, and to his astonishment saw a man with a seven-foot rifle standing on the bank of the stream a short distance away. The man suddenly turned and walked away into the darkness.

Dr. MacNurlen continues: "Soon the silence was broken by a great clanking of chains, squeaking of wood on metal, snapping of whips, and the lowing of cattle. Out from among the hills — not fifty yards distant, and quite visible in the bright starlight — moved a procession that fairly took my breath away. Huge covered wagons, scores of them, drawn by cattle and with great casks swinging from their sides, trundled into view. With artillery-like precision, the clumsy vehicles were swung into a circular formation by the walking drivers; and in less time than it takes me to unpack my three burros, the men had unyoked their beasts, and banked the wagons closely, end to end. I watched, utterly amazed."

Camp was made. Fires were soon blazing within the enclosure. The oxen were watered at the stream, while women scooped up pails of water just above the drinking animals. Yet, with all this activity, the doctor never heard the sound of a human voice. Other sounds — even those of the animals — were audible. But while the members of the party seemed to talk with each other, their lips were mute. Nor

was the doctor noticed, although some of the women passed a scant five yards from him.

Gradually the confusion died down as members of the party finished their evening meal and retired. A sentinel took up his position by the stream nearby. Dr. MacNurlen called softly to him, but received no response. "I felt that somehow," the doctor writes, "we were worlds apart — that an unseen barrier, a vast, unfathomable gulf, separated me from this silent watcher of the night."

The dying fires cast flickering shadows across the encampment. A wagon bed squeaked as the weight of some sleeper shifted above it. Dangling from the top of one of the schooners, a piece of canvas flapped idly in the wind. Hours passed, and then the moon arose from behind the distant hills. And Dr. MacNurlen, with a thrill of horror, noticed that the sentinel's body and the wagons were casting no shadows. There were shadows cast by the campfires, but only one moonlight shadow was visible — his own!

Suddenly, from out of the darkness, came a whistling sound ending in a sharp thud. Dropping his gun, the sentinel slowly crumpled to the ground, a feathered arrow protruding from his chest. He must have screamed, for instantly the camp awakened. Water was poured on the fires, and the doctor distinctly heard the hissing sounds as the liquid came in contact with the hot embers. Men quickly dropped behind the wagons and began firing from the part of the circle fronting the stream.

Dr. MacNurlen, bewildered, backed away from the scene and watched the unexpected ghostly battle. From a ravine behind his own camp came showers of arrows, while in reply scores of guns roared from the encampment. Long minutes passed. After awhile the doctor observed men crawling from beneath the wagons and disappearing in the darkness.

Shortly later a fusillade of shots beyond his camp announced the beginning of a counter-attack. The sounds of firing continued down the bed of the stream until it finally died away to scattered shots and then ceased entirely.

The men drifted back in groups. Some were wounded and were leaning on the shoulders of their companions. A few were being carried. The form of the sentinel was lifted and taken into the camp, and another guardian took his place. Through the remaining hours of the night the doctor sat on the edge of his camp and watched, but he could never gain the courage to approach the circle of mysterious wagons.

Dr. MacNurlen continues: "With the first glimmerings of the gray dawn, the oxen were beneath the yokes, the long whips curled above them, and with squeakings and clankings the ghostly cavalcade splashed across the upper end of the stream, disappearing along the mesa's edge where it bent to the south. They had gone — vanished into the nothingness from which they came!"

Several years later, Bert Slater, of Payson, Arizona, was driving from Flagstaff to Phoenix in his car. After leaving the village of

Prescott and getting halfway across Skull Valley, his car broke down. He decided to camp at the spot, and drifted off to sleep.

Suddenly he awakened. To his astonishment, he observed a train of covered wagons drawn by oxen emerging from out of the darkness. Under a clear, starlit sky, the wagons were placed end to end in a circle. Campfires were lit. Children played as their parents worked. But it was like watching a silent motion picture — Slater could hear no sounds, although the camp was only fifty yards away from him.

Despite his bewilderment, Slater was tired and after awhile he fell asleep. He awakened before daylight and glanced in the direction of the camp. It had vanished. There were no traces of wheels or ashes from the fires. The sandy soil stretched away, smooth and clean.

"Yet," Mr. Slater concludes, "I am sure that it was not a dream."

THE END

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

by Ernst Groth

Out of the vast depths of space, in which the earth is a mere speck of dust, is coming a vast bombardment of mysterious radio waves. Electronic gadgets developed during the war to detect enemy submarines have been tuned in to the heavens and revealed a strange medley of signals coming from all directions.

Is this the "music of the spheres" suggested by the ancient Greek philosophers more than 2,000 years ago?

A vast range of radio waves is pouring down upon earth from the sun, the stars of the Milky Way, the galaxies and stars we are familiar with, and even from the unknown depths of space where our telescopic eyes can see nothing.

Translated into sound, these cosmic waves don't exactly resemble our music. They sound "like a combination of gravel falling on the roof and the howling of wolves," according to Prof. Donald H. Menzel of the Harvard College Observatory.

Dr. Karl G. Jansky of the Bell Telephone Laboratories says that the Milky Way is sending messages to earth constantly on a frequency of 14.2 megacycles. It is also sending on a wide band of other frequencies. Radio astronomy is a new science whose practitioners can tune in on the sun and many other stars and galaxies and listen to the strange songs of the cosmos.

Hitherto, astronomers had thought space was eternally silent. But the radio astronomers have found otherwise. The ghost-like moans and screeches from outer space are opening up a whole new field of exploration. Already man is able to hear sounds from regions of the universe which his telescopes cannot even reach.

THE END

A CASE OF TELEPORTATION?

by John A. Webb

"The ghost came from the other world, but with his own flesh and bones!" writes Don Luis González Obregón in his book, *Las Calles de Méjico.*

On the morning of October 25, 1593, he relates, a soldier suddenly appeared in the Plaza Mayor of Mexico City. A soldier dressed in the uniform of the regiment which was at that moment guarding the walled citadel of Manila in the Philippine Islands.

With the soldier's strange appearance came the rumor that His Excellency Gómez Pérez Dasmariñas, Governor of the Philippines, was dead. A preposterous rumor, of course! But one that spread through the city like wildfire.

Puzzling as to how the soldier could have traveled more than nine thousand miles without so much as soiling his uniform, the authorities nevertheless jailed him as a deserter from the Philippine regiment.

Weeks passed while the soldier languished in prison; the long, slow weeks necessary for news to travel by sailing ship from the Philippines to Acapulco, then by messenger across the sky high mountains and down into the valley of Mexico.

Suddenly, Mexico City was quaking with news. His Excellency the Governor of the Phillippines was dead; murdered by a mutinous Chinese crew off Punta de Azufre shortly after he had left his island home on a military expedition against the Moluccas! Moreover, he had been murdered on the very day the Philippine soldier had appeared in the plaza of Mexico City.

The Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition took charge of the soldier. He could not tell them how he had been transported from Manila to Mexico. Only that it had been "in less time than it takes a cock to crow." Nor could he tell them how it had come to pass that Mexico City was buzzing with the news of the governor's death even before it was known in Manila.

At the order of the Holy Tribunal, the soldier was returned to the Philippines for further investigation into the mysterious matter. Irrefutable witnesses came forward to swear to the fact that the soldier had been on duty in the island city on the night of October 24. Just as it had been proven beyond doubt that on the following morning he had been apprehended in the plaza of Mexico City, more than 9,000 miles away.

A legend? Not according to the records of the chroniclers of the Order of San Agustín and the Order of Santo Domingo. Not according to Dr. Antonio de Morga, high justice of the criminal court of the Royal Audiencia of New Spain, in his *Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas.*

Is it, then, another authenticated instance of what Charles Fort called teleportation?

THE BRAIN,
LAST REFUGE OF THE SOUL

by Prof. R. N. Sweeney

Where is the soul located? Medicos have taken the whole brain and body apart in an effort to find it and have failed. However, the brain has not yet given up all the secrets of its folds.

It is high time that someone distinguished clearly between the mind and the brain. Are the two identical and does the mind really grow out of the relationships between the various mechanisms of the brain?

Or is the brain merely a machine without memory, will, or consciousness of its own through which the higher entity of the mind operates? In other words, is the brain like an automobile that is mechanically perfect but which cannot be started or operated without a driver—the mind?

This wonderful organ, the brain, is the means by which we translate into conscious experience the impressions of our senses. But somehow, there seems more at work here than a mere mechanism—just as a television set, however wonderful in itself, can fulfill no function unless there is an audience to see it operate and understand it.

The outer layer of the brain is a sheet of nerve cells and interlacing extensions of those cells. It is the "grey matter" of the old-fashioned anatomists. Beneath it is a mass of nerve fibres, the white matter. The nerve fibres connect the different parts of the "grey matter" or cerebral cortex to one another and to the interior of the brain.

There are various other parts to the cerebrum—the optic thalamus, and the corpus striatus which narrows down to the brain-stem and the spinal cord. And there is the cerebellum, which looks like a smaller cerebrum but with which we are not concerned here because it has nothing to do with mental activity or with conscious experience.

This is the physical description of the machine that receives messages from the nerves, files them, acts upon them, relates them to other messages —has memory, will and intelligence. Hidden somewhere within this complex mechanism is the essential being of every person. It is the "I", the "YOU"—in short it is consciousness

itself. Here is the mind, which is just another word for soul. For what qualities does the mind have that we do not also ascribe to the soul?

The essential problem of the existence of the soul and the fact of immortality is hidden within the complex nerve endings of the brain. Here is why:

If the brain and the mind are identical, then we can assume that there is no separate mind—and hence no soul. But if the brain and the mind are separate, then the mind, and therefore the soul, does exist. For the soul is essentially nothing more than the separate and independent mind itself. If it is independent of the brain, presumably it can exist apart from it. Unlike the brain, it can be everlasting—in fact, immortal.

Let us study the brain and its operation to see what clues science can give us to this all-important problem.

Begin with the organs of sensation —the finger tips, for instance. A network of nerve endings laces beneath the skin. There are separate nerve endings for hot, for cold, for pressure (touch), for pain. There are others, also, since all of us have many more than the "five senses" imagined by the ancients. When these nerve endings are excited by various stimuli they send electrical messages along their nerves to the brain.

Each nerve ending can send only one type of message, and each nerve can transmit only that kind of message. One nerve fibre can be excited only by heat, another only by cold, a third only by pressure, a fourth only by the movement of the hair around which it is coiled.

In the inner ear, for instance, there are about 25,000 nerve endings of the auditory nerve fibres. They vibrate when sound waves are transmitted to the fluid of the inner ear. The pitch of the sound is indicated by the particular set of nerve fibres which is excited most strongly. Those particular fibres then send their particular messages to the brain, and we "hear" the message as being of low, high, medium pitch—whatever set of fibres it happens to excite.

From the eye, millions of receptor cells are thrown into activity by a change of illumination. There are perhaps 100,000,000 separate end-organs on the surface of the retina sending their messages to the brain. Vision is probably man's most highly developed sense. Sight has developed into our main guide of what is happening about us. Yet in animals, other senses are often far more highly developed. A gust of air which seems to have no odor whatsoever to the human nose, will set up electrical activity over two-thirds of a dog's brain. A wild animal with a keen sense of smell can analyze the pattern of an odor as a music critic can analyze the sounds of a symphony orchestra.

Scientists now generally believe that the electrical signals which the nerve endings send to the brain are basically alike. They vary in frequency according to the intensity of the stimulation but they do not vary in any other way.

E. D. Adrian, the eminent British authority, has described how once when he was making some experiments on the retina of a toad's eye, he arranged electrodes on the animal's optic nerve. The room was nearly dark, yet as he moved about it, he began to hear repeated noises on the speaker attached to the amplifier of his apparatus. The noises indicated that a great deal of impulse signalling was going on. Suddenly

Adrian realized that the noises he was hearing coincided with his own movements. He was within the field of vision of the toad's eye, and even in semi-darkness it was signalling what he was doing. The slight shadow movements of his walking about the room *were sending messages to a brain which was not there to receive them!*

What Adrian observed was a purely mechanical reaction. Most of the activity of the brain in receiving messages is similarly mechanical. An amoeba will make a reaction if its environment is unpleasant—and its reaction too, is merely mechanical.

By similar electronic methods, the pattern of nerve messages has been traced to the human brain. We know exactly what part of the brain receives these messages. These areas are called "projection" areas (see drawing on page 45). In man, all the projection areas make up only a small part of the total brain surface. The rest of the surface seems to be mainly for the purpose of associating the various sensations and the recorded memories of them.

The reception of the messages from the nerves is purely mechanistic. It is only when something else works on them, interpreting them, giving them understanding, that the mind comes into being. Its main distinguishing characteristic is that it is conscious, whereas nearly all of the brain and nerve activity which can be measured by the scientists is unconscious activity. In other words, scientists are able to observe the brain and the nerves while they work as machines—but when the higher part of the brain, the mind and the soul, come into operation, the anatomists can only speculate on what is going on.

As we have stated, electrical stimuli can be traced to the brain, and the areas of the brain which receive the sensations can be definitely charted. If any of these receiving areas in the brain is destroyed, the loss is equivalent to or worse than the destruction of the sense organs which supply the area.

This fact supports the mechanistic view of the brain.

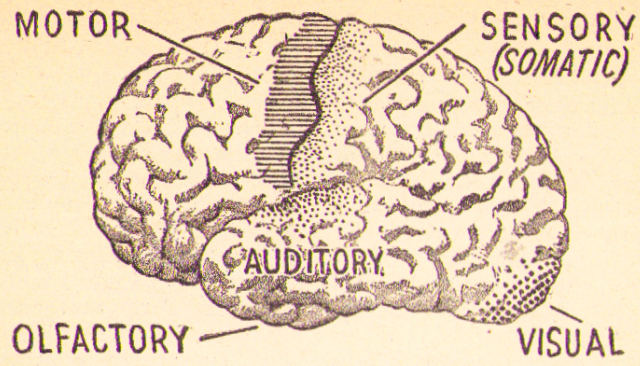
But precisely the reverse is true of the higher activities of the brain—the memory, consciousness, the activities that deal with the mind.

Men have lost one or both frontal lobes of the brain with no apparent loss of memory or the ability to carry out skilled actions. Even though personalities may change completely under brain accidents, specific memories remain. They survive widespread destruction of the cerebral hemispheres.

Indeed, enough cases can be assembled to prove that no part of the brain is necessary for memory. The conclusion might be that memories are not stored anywhere—except that some part of the cerebral cortex must be left or the brain cannot work at all.

"The rat," says Adrian, can "solve many problems and remember the solution after destruction of so many parts of the cortex that we are forced to conclude that no one part is essential. And yet some part is essential, for the rat cannot solve anything if the whole cortex is removed."

Any emergency hospital has cases to prove that the link between body and mind is established by the brain. If the spinal cord is severed, the brain is no longer connected with the lower portions of the body and the patient cannot move arms or legs. Yet if



We have knowledge of five major sections of the brain, called projection areas, where nerve messages are received. We know where the eye sends its messages, we know where the signals transmitted by the ears go. The location of the areas connected to the olfactory nerves are known, as are the motor sections and the sensory sections. But a major portion of the brain still remains completely mysterious.

oxygen can still reach the brain, the mind continues unchanged. The patient may be able to draw sensations only from head and neck, but he can continue to think. If the brain can survive, the mind is not impaired.

"But are we concerned with the brain alone?" asks Adrian. Is it the only part of the body that matters? It is a particular structure of nerve cells and nerve fibres, found in certain animals but not in all, and some animals which have no brain in the strict anatomical sense have none the less a behavior, well adapted to the circumstances, a behavior which we might call intelligent.

"And within our own bodies there are many cells swimming freely in the blood and behaving as more or less independent living beings, avoiding what is bad for them and selecting what is good. Have they any claim to minds, and if so, have their minds any share in the mind of the larger organism in whose blood vessels they live?"

Adrian cannot answer that question, because no one knows for sure. But we can follow the course of our own logic to draw our own conclusions.

We have seen that there are two kinds of brain activity—the unconscious and the conscious. The unconscious deals with all the intricate details of balance, of digestion, of sense reception, and so on. If a specific part of the brain be removed, a particular sense or reaction on the unconscious side will be affected. That proves the mechanistic nature of the unconscious activities of the brain.

But if a portion of the brain be removed or destroyed, the *conscious side is not affected.* Thus, the higher portion of the brain—the mind—clearly is not mechanistic. Yet if the entire brain be destroyed, the mind either is destroyed or leaves the brain. Thus,

the mind certainly dwells within the brain, and the brain is necessary to it.

The mechanistic biologists visualize the brain as an orderly arrangement of sensory receivers which are capable of retaining memory threads. As they see it, the impression of the various electrical messages received from the senses forms a kind of map within the brain. There are different local maps within the larger map, and they are changing and interacting constantly.

If this description of what takes place in the brain is true, then the mind is simply the result of the swiftly dissolving patterns of the brain and not the cause.

But is it true?

The essential fact of the mind, making it different from any mere mechanism, is the fact of *consciousness*. Under an anesthetic our brains are active but our minds are dormant. No anatomist, probing with electrodes or scalpels in the brain, has ever uncovered the seat of consciousness. Nor has any proof been discovered that the activities of the conscious mind operate in the mechanistic way that it has been proved the unconscious activities of the brain operate.

No, the anatomists so far have traced the mechanics only, and have been singularly unsuccessful in understanding the operation of the higher mind. The dead eye of Adrian's toad could record the shadow of movement. But that action was as mechanical as the action of a photo-electric cell. There was neither brain behind it nor consciousness. The activities of the mind are in a different realm. They are the activities of conscious will. They are the activities of the soul.

THE END

FINGERS OF FATE

by Harold Helfer

OSCAR STRAND, Grand Rapids, Mich., told the state convention of the Gideon Bible Society: "I am prepared to meet my maker and this may be the last time I speak to you." Ten minutes later Mr. Strand died of a heart attack.

* * *

When "Flame of the Barbary Coast" came to the Bankhead Theater in Atlanta it caught fire; when the movie, "Bright Lights", was playing, a storm broke down the electric wires.

* * *

Mary Ann Potter, 8, of Philadelphia, a streptococcus victim, said: "I wouldn't mind dying if only Papa would go along with me." Then she died. Her father suffered a fatal heart attack three hours later.

The same organ which played the wedding march for Helen Simko Zbara in a Pittsburgh Church, four days later played the funeral march for her. She was stricken fatally in the church (which is where she met her husband 15 years before) 45 minutes after her marriage.

* * *

Three young Philadelphia children, trapped in a burning third-story bedroom, were rescued by pallbearers from a funeral procession that happened to be passing the house. One of them, William Dean, was a grandfather of one of the children.

* * *

If the Federal jury in Washington deliberating the mail fraud case against James M. Curley had not spent an extra day deliberating the Boston mayor's fate, he would have been killed. Mayor Curley had reservations on a Wednesday plane but couldn't make it because the jury didn't reach a verdict until Thursday. All 17 occupants of the Wednesday plane were killed in a crash.

* * *

A fortune teller told Antonio Pagliuca, of Wakefield, Mass.: "You love your sweetheart but you will never have her in this life—only in death." Two weeks later Antonio Pagliuca and his sweetheart, Miss Gertrude Burnette, were found dead in an automobile, accidentally killed by carbon monoxide fumes.

* * *

Pete Bird, Shelbyville, Ky., lost the sight of an eye when it was struck by a chip while he was chopping wood. Forty-two years later another chip struck that eye while he was chopping wood. The second blow restored the sight.

* * *

Ross Kittle, Toledo, O., in great excitement called the fire department to aid his friend, Fred Shripton, who had suffered a heart attack. When the department's rescue squad arrived it found Kittle dead from excitement. Shripton recovered.

* * *

Mrs. Shirley Vetter, Seattle, lost her sight when she fell down a flight of stairs. A year later she gave birth to a girl and her sight came back.

* * *

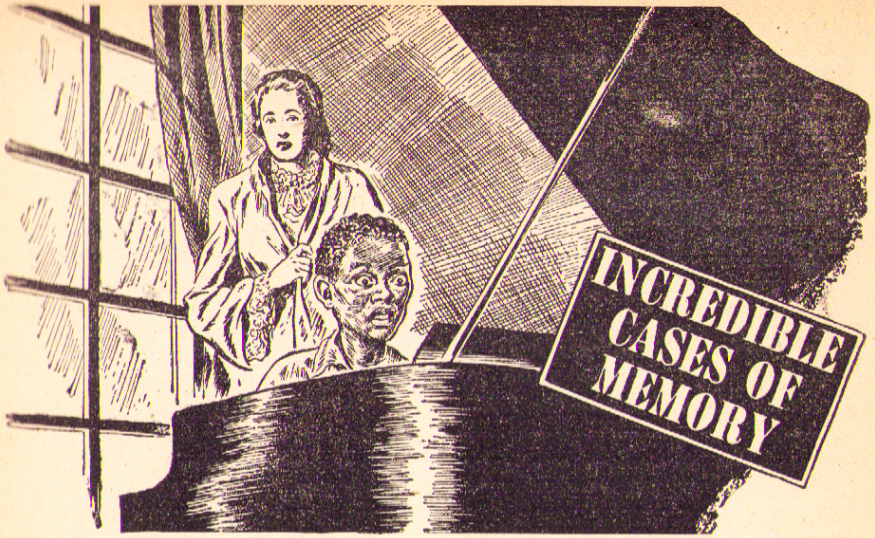
Fay Weintraub and Alexander Sterenbuch fought bitterly as opposing counsel in a case before the Bronx Supreme Court. Two months later they married. Not to continue the fight, we hope.

* * *

Marie Bernard had always wanted a horse, but her father wouldn't let her have one because he had a fear she would get hurt. However, when Marie's brother, Clifford, was killed in the war nothing was too good for her. She was given the horse. The first time she went riding the horse bolted. She died shortly thereafter.

* * *

Earl Nowlin, Las Vegas, told his wife after his pet dog had died that he felt he would die soon, too. He died while digging his pet's grave.



by Charles S. Reid

TOM WIGGINS was an imbecile child born blind on the plantation of a family by the name of Bethune in Alabama in the year 1849. His mother, a slave girl servant in the home of the Bethunes, kept the child near her in the "big house" so that she might protect him from injury through his blind groping. However, the boy seemed to have a sixth sense in the matter of navigation, and could go anywhere about the premises with little or no guidance. Tom was about six years old when, one night, the Bethunes entertained. Mrs. Bethune and her mother-in-law, both accomplished musicians, played for their guests, the elder lady rendering a new and quite difficult selection.

After the departure of the guests of the evening, the Bethune family retired as usual. Mrs. Bethune had slept but a short time when she was awakened by sounds from the piano in the library. She half raised herself in bed to listen more closely. Her mother-in-law's musical rendition was being repeated in that lady's characteristic manner. Struck with wonder at such a midnight performance, and believing her mother-in-law to be playing in her sleep, Mrs. Bethune arose and crept to the library doorway. The moon was shining through an open window, and within the zone of its light the lady saw something which filled her with such amazement it was some moments before she could move, or speak. At the piano sat little blind Tom Wiggins, his fingers flying over the keys with the skill of a professional. The boy had crawled through the open window and reached the instrument through some blind direction which was past understanding.

An amazing prodigy had come to light. Tom's sole gift was imitation. Following another performer, who had chanced to slur a note, the blind musician would make the same error in his rendition. No matter whether he never had heard a piece of music before, little Tom could go to the piano and follow the performer with a complete rendition of the selection, not omitting any feature of expression.

Under management of Mrs. Bethune, Tom and his gift were exhibited at first in southern cities and towns. Then, as the boy's fame spread over the country, he played to audiences in practically every city in the nation during the next twenty-five years, as well as in many of the chief cities of Europe. He played for many crowned heads, and some of the world's greatest composers, none of whom could find any explanation of the phenomenon. How he ever acquired knowledge of the keyboard, the relative position of the white and black keys, and their accompanying sounds when struck remained a mystery.

The boy's utter imbecility clearly was apparent. When particularly pleased he would stand on his head no matter in what company he appeared. This little gleeful demonstration he kept up until he was a grown man weighing approximately two hundred and fifty pounds. His eccentricities sometimes were most annoying. In his travels it became necessary to have his meals served to him privately, as he had the habit of smelling every dish set before him before he would touch the food. If the odor offended in the least Tom would seize the dish and hurl it from him with the pettishness of a spoiled baby.

This unsolved riddle of a human being died in 1907, a drooling idiot, having lost his gift many years before. Mrs. Bethune, in her will, had provided amply for Tom's care, so long as he should live.

* * *

The second puzzle in this sequence of psychological phenomena was of a different character. This was a South Carolina colored man known as the Sleeping Preacher of Lexington County. He was also called the human graphophone. For several years prior to his death, at intervals he would preach a sermon in his sleep. The cabin where he lived had many visitors at night, many of whom heard the old man's sermons quite through. He quoted Scripture texts and references with accuracy, and his discourses were delivered in correct English, although he was utterly illiterate.

During his youth the old man had been body servant to a well-known preacher who served two or three churches in a rural community. It had been the habit of the servant, whose mentality never was higher than that of a ten or twelve-year-old person, to park his horse-drawn vehicle outside of his master's church, and near an open window, whence he might listen to the sermon of the day. This listening, like that of many more intelligent church-goers, was not of long continuance, for the boy almost immediately would fall asleep, and remain in that condition until the service was ended. The sermons of this master in some unaccountable manner were recorded upon the sleeper's brain so that in senility, they were reproduced when he was lost in sleep—the same condition in which he had received them.

THE END

THE VIKINGS DISCOVERED AMERICA

by Birt Darling

In spite of the fact that so much evidence has been uncovered to the contrary, many still believe that Christopher Columbus was the sole and original discoverer of America.

An ancient Norse warrior's grave here, a copper arrowhead there, an axehead and a mysteriously-inscribed runestone—these are the signs along the 1,000-year-old Viking highways of North America.

We are only beginning to learn to read these signs. But we have read enough to know that the Viking trails were well-worn even before the Norsemen carved out the famous "Kensington Stone" in Minnesota in 1362 A.D.

One of these days a farmer, a pipe-line-laying crew or even a scientific expedition may unearth one of the ships of the Paul Knutson Expedition, somewhere between James Bay and the headwaters of the Mississippi. For we have enough evidence now on hand to know that Knutson and his predecessors followed two main routes from Greenland to America.

Knutson came late. He was prowling the "inland seas" of the Great Lakes a century and a half before Columbus set sail—but he was late. Latest archaeological finds point up the fact that Norsemen were sailing most, if not all of the Great Lakes, at least a century before Knutson. They were following the route later to be "blazed" by Sieur de LaSalle in his ill-fated "Griffin" in the latter part of the 17th century.

Piecing together relic discoveries which are not even remotely Indian, and accounts of expeditions sent out from Greenland, James W. Curran of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, has gone far beyond early mentions of "Vinland" to give us glimpses of other new lands discovered and named by the first Norsemen.

"Vinland" now seems to have been a stretch of coast along New England. But, have you heard of "Markland," the "Outer Ocean" and "Helluland"? The Vikings had. These names are mentioned frequently, but, until Curran spent years studying the subject, looking into Old World records, scanning non-Indian relics found in Ontario and our northern states, they were just vague place-names. In fact, most scientists were willing to accept them as pure myths.

That was before the Smithsonian Institution pronounced the "Kensington Stone," dated 1362 A.D., and found in northern Minnesota, genuine.

Acceptance of the Kensington Stone has sharpened interest in Curran's research.

It's a well-known fact that the Vikings had an "eastern settlement" and a "western settlement" on the south coast of Greenland. Since the latter would scarcely offer a seafaring race any easier access to "Vinland" (New England), the question arises: Why did they locate where they would be closer to Hudson Strait?

There is an answer. It's wrapped up in the designation "Gunnungagap," meaning an "entrance" or "strait." It was not many days sail from the "western settlement" on Greenland. South of it lay the large land mass of "Helluland."

Curran has tracked down the origin of these place-names. "Gunnungagap" is Hudson Strait, the natural waterway between Baffin Land and the Labrador Peninsula leading into Hudson Bay. Because this bay was much larger than James Bay, it was dubbed the "Outer Ocean."

And so the "western settlement" became the jump-off point for this "northwest passage" of the Vikings, a fjord-like passage followed eagerly by the Norsemen because it was so much like their homeland.

Westward from the "Outer Ocean," the old sagas say, lay "Markland." The land and water highways of the Vikings lay through this land. They followed the Nelson, the Hayes and the Albany rivers to lakes Winnipeg and Nipigon and down the streams leading out of them to the Great Lakes, the Red River and the headwaters of the mighty Mississippi.

Curran, his nose keen for a clue to the Norsemen, heard of the chance discovery of a very ancient grave near Lake Nipigon, Ont., along one of these "highways," in 1930. Hopeful, but half expecting that the find would be fairly recent American Indian, he packed and portaged into the wild country.

What he saw was startling enough. Along with the skeleton were a sword, axe and shield-handle. No Indian relics, these! The find has not only been proclaimed as genuine Viking, but it has been established that the Norseman buried along this waterway was of the era of Thorfin Karlsefine, who came this way in 1007 A.D.—350 years before Paul Knutson's party planted the mysterious runestone near Kensington, Minnesota!

Nor was Karlsefine the first.

Watching the evidence accumulate, many historians now believe that Eric the Red may have been the first through these North American fjords. They date him as coming this way in 983 A.D. Herjulfsen, the wind bellying in the sails of his Viking dragon-ship, put out from Norway three years later in an attempt to make a landfall at Eric's new Greenland colony.

Herjulfsen missed Greenland. Somewhere to the south, many days later, his dragon-ship touched land.

Exactly what Herjulfsen discovered is not known, but he must have brought back some stirring stories, for Leif the Lucky, Eric the Red's son, purchased his vessel and arrived off North American shores in 1000 A.D.

Eric's second son, Thorwald, was not to be outdone. He set sail in the

same ship in 1002 A.D., but ran afoul of natives in "skin boats." Somewhere in the north country is his unmarked grave. One day it may be uncovered to add another conclusive page to the growing book of historical evidence in favor of early Viking penetration into the heart of North America.

A lone expedition, such as that of Paul Knutson, which produced the Kensington runestone found in Minnesota in 1362, could not possibly have left all the evidence that has been found. Nor could a dozen expeditions.

The Norse seafarers spent more than 350 years exploring from the lower Great Lakes to Greenland because this was their kind of country. The wide rivers, the portages, the large bodies of water were little different from their own native land. And they did not mind the Indians too much. They were hardy men, used to sudden forays, and they were imbued with the idea of carrying the Cross to this wild continent, in later years, as the Kensington stone relates.

The Beardmore Viking grave near Lake Nipigon provides evidence that the Norsemen made their way toward the Great Lakes from Hudson Bay, via the Albany River. If that isn't sufficient evidence, there's the metal axe found near Republic in Michigan's upper peninsula in the 1870's. It was an *exact duplicate* of Viking vintage in the Lillehammer Museum, Norway! Since it was found by a prospector in a stream, there can be no doubt of its authenticity.

Other relics have been found in the vicinity of Niagara Falls, indicating that the Norsemen followed the Indian portages around it, in order to gain entry into lakes Erie and Huron. At least four discoveries have been made in Curran's own country around the Sault, showing that the Vikings used the Lower Great Lakes to gain access to the upper peninsula.

Hjalmar R. Holand, who has devoted a lifetime to proving that the Norsemen were here long before Columbus, points out that the boats used by the Hudson's Bay Company traders—boats larger than those used by the Vikings—have been the long and dangerous trip up and down the Nelson and Hayes rivers between James Bay and Lake Winnipeg ("Markland") since the late 1600's.

"They (the Hudson's Bay boats) were clinker built, of native spruce, and were up to 40 feet long," he relates. "The cargo was made up of packages of trade goods of 100 pounds each, and each middleman (there were 12 of them) was responsible for twelve 100-pound packages. The cargo load was thus *about seven and a half tons.*

"If fourteen men (including bowsmen and steersman) could take such a large boat carrying 14,400 pounds of freight, besides the personal equipment and supplies of the men, up the rivers to Lake Winnipeg, it does not seem wholly impossible that twice that many picked men could take a lighter and smaller boat up the rivers, especially as they probably carried no commercial cargo," he deduces.

The Nelson is no mere sluggish trickle. Holand is authority for the statement that it "has long reaches of wide-spreading lakes where the oars can be laid aside for the sail." Since the Vikings were at home with both,

the passage must have been as easy for them as for the voyageurs who were to follow several centuries later.

These are the clues which, piled on top of each other, add up to the case for Viking exploration before the Paul Knutson expedition.

But the Knutson expedition is the only one of which any written record has been found—yet.

We know now, from Old World historical records, that King Magnus issued a mandate to Knutson in 1355 to outfit an expedition to find and save a group of religious apostates in the New World.

We know that King Magnus was a native of West Gothland (Sweden), and hence was partial to Goths (Swedes). And the Kensington Stone mentions "eight Goths and 22 Norwegians." It is a significant point.

Who, in North America, before the turn of the century, when the Kensington runestone was found, would know enough about the affairs of old King Magnus, and enough about runic inscriptions, to inscribe a "fake" stone?

The answer of the Smithsonian Institution, which does not weigh such matters lightly, is answer enough.

And now the scientists can delve even deeper. The Kensington Stone is America's own "Rosetta Stone." It will give us a start, even as the Rosetta Stone did for the Egyptologists of a century ago.

The early dawn of the New World is just beginning to illumine the dark night of prehistoric America.

THE END

THE PROPHECY OF TENNYSON

FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL"

For I dipt into the future,
As far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world,
And all the wonders that would be.
Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
Argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight,
Dropping down with purple bales;
Heard the heavens filled with shouting,
And there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies,
Grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper
Of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples
Plunging thro' the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer,
And the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the world.

ARE INVENTORS GENIUSES?

by J. Harold Byers

How does an inventor invent? What strange process does his mind use to create something new?

A PLUMBER in Bristol, England, dreamed that he was working on the roof of a church. In his dream, his foot slipped and to keep from falling he dropped a ladle of molten lead to the street far below. He dreamed that he went down to retrieve his ladle and the lead, but instead of finding the lead spattered into flattened pieces as he had expected, it was in the form of small spheres. On the way down it had solidified into the form of shot.

Waking from this dream, plumber Watts endeavored to repeat the process, and was successful in producing the result that he had dreamed. This method of making shot came into widespread use, and Watts made a fortune from this practical invention which had come to him as a vision while he slept.

We can smile at the story of an inventor who asserts that the solution to a problem came to him in a dream; and we can nod sagely over several testimonials; but when scores of inventors unite in asserting that their inventions have "come" to them instantaneously and unexpectedly, while they were asleep or engaged in some remote preoccupation, it is not so easy to dismiss.

Do inventors exercise a mental power differing from the purely logical methods of the orthodox scientist and engineer?

Are inventors peculiarly endowed with such power, or do they merely use a faculty which many, or even all of us, possess?

The first and only scientific study of the mental processes of the inventor was made several years ago by Dr. Joseph Rossman, a well known patent attorney. Dr. Rossman's findings, which he reported in his book, *The Psychology of the Inventor* (1931), provide a great deal of evidence that inventions can be, and are, made by virtue of some operation outside of the ken of ordinary mental processes.

Dr. Rossman obtained first-hand information from a group of over seven hundred inventors consisting of the most active and important inventors of the United States. Dr. Rossman, in the course of this research, sent out five hundred questionnaires to outstanding patent attorneys, for further data, and three hundred questionnaires to directors of research and development departments of the largest corporations and companies in this country.

Dr. Rossman, as a scientist and lawyer, is not the type of person to use "mystic" explanations. He says:

"The sudden flashes and so-called inspirations and happy thoughts which many creative workers experience have been chiefly responsible for the many mystical explanations of originality and invention. These experiences appear to have no immediate cause and they have therefore led many people to attribute them to some force existing outside of themselves such as external intelligence or God. An analysis of these inspirations will ultimately show that they have a definite origin in previous experiences. But even admitting this to be true, the formation of new mental patterns or combinations seems to be caused by some mysterious mental activity. Not knowing how they occur, they have been readily explained by stating that they are the work of the subconscious.

"It is a general human weakness to give names to things or processes we do not understand and then to accept these names as final explanations. The subconscious is one of these names. According to this view the wishes which cannot be gratified in the conscious mind take up their abode in the subconscious mind where they initiate a thinking process analogous to an uncontrolled reverie or day-dream which might be considered as a kind of lower thinking as compared with the critical and controlled conscious thinking. It is uncontrolled thinking which is responsible for the formation of new patterns which are then passed on to the conscious mind for criticism in these sudden flashes or inspirations.

"Not all psychologists will agree that our minds can be divided into different levels but they rather believe there is only one kind of mental activity. Undoubtedly some sort of mental activity is going on during the inventive process of which the inventor is not always conscious, but referring this to the subconscious as an explanation merely begs the question.

"We have already seen that the desire to satisfy a need and the emotional reaction produced by this striving initiates a neural process which eventuates in the formation of a satisfactory mental pattern. This view is supported by the work of such neurologists as Herrick."

The accounts given by inventors as to the birth of their inventions, have a quality of consistence that is impressive. Again and again inventors assert that the idea occurred to them without any conscious effort on their part. The following are quoted from the personal reports received by Dr. Rossman:

"Ideas often occur to me without concious effort or concentration. It appears to be on the order of inspiration, usually when I am rested, and allow my mind to wander at will." *R. B. Benjamin*

"A problem presents itself for which I cannot find an existing solution. I immediately eject it from the objective side of my mind, that is to say, I cease to labor over it, and consign it to the subjective 'department' of my mind. There it is taken in charge and one solution or another comes to the surface from time to time, that is, comes within sight of the objective side of my mind." *Henry A. Wise Wood*

"I have waked out of a sound sleep with a new idea." *William Spruce Bowen*

"Ideas come when I least expect them, often when I am half asleep or daydreaming. So far as I can remember I have had no good basic ideas when waiting for them. This has puzzled me considerably and as near as I can tell at present it seems to be an action of the subconscious mind when my conscious mind is dreaming or wandering. Great care must be taken to differentiate between the flash of a basic idea and subsequent design or development. I happen to be an engineer and furnish very largely basic ideas to either draftsmen or highly skilled mechanics for development. The invention proper is over with the conception of the basic idea." *R. N. Kircher*

"Sometimes a detail will appear to have worked itself out satisfactorily while I am watching a picture show." *J. Manson*

"My best inventions always come to me in a flash; by this I mean the funda-

mental idea. I may be at a concert, church, may be reading or talking when suddenly a new idea flashes through my mind. It is usually startling for it has no connection with what I am doing. Immediately the idea fills my mind forcing everything else out." *Howard Parker*

"Ideas come in periods of relaxation such as riding home in a train. One of my happiest solutions came when I was listening to a sermon in church." *Spencer Miller*

"An idea may come to me from within, all of a sudden, like from a clear sky and at first all I may know is that I feel that certain results can be obtained without my knowing how to accomplish the desired results. Thinking about the problem for a while I turn to my everyday routine work trying to forget it. Then all of a sudden the problem bobs up in my mind. This may happen while I am busy with routine work, or reading the newspaper or a book at home, or on a train but more frequently at night in my sleep. I then stop my work or my reading if during the day, or wake up if it happens during my sleep, and mentally size up what subconsciously was prepared for me in the way of solving the problem. Invariably I find every time that the problem is nearer to solution. This encourages me to spend more and more of my conscious hours on thinking about the problem, but in most cases I find that the subconscious mind has done for me more than I could consciously accomplish thinking over the problem time and again. Waking up about 2 or 3 A.M. and lying in bed in perfect darkness I would suddenly have before me on the ceiling or on the wall every minute detail of a complicated wiring diagram of an automatic control system. Sometimes hundreds of wires would appear before me properly interconnected to accomplish just what I wanted to get in my conscious hours." *M. M. Goldenstein*

"Frequently, ideas come like a bolt out of the blue, apparently suggested by something entirely different. The chain of suggestion skips rapidly from one idea to another, and is usually lost or forgotten, especially if it breaks loose while one is half asleep." *Jerome Alexander*

"Practically all my inventions have finally come to me as a flash." *Samuel Olson*

An atmosphere free from pressing distractions is most conducive to reception of those "flashes of inspiration" that are attested to by many inventors:

"After having decided what I would like to accomplish I analyze and try to work out the problem in my mind. Conditions are much more favorable for me to do this out in the woods or walking along a lonesome road or at my home which is a farmhouse." *H. E. Warren*

"I prefer to have my mind free for any ideas that may come to me without being burdened with visions of past performances." *R. B. Benjamin*

"These emergencies of solution occur at all sorts of times; usually early in the morning when I am just coming into consciousness. Then my mind seems to be clearest and my subconscious mind nearest the surface of objective thought." *Henry A. Wise Wood*

"It may be of interest to know that in each case the basic idea came to me while I was in the bath-tub in the morning. My head is always clearer then and I am of course free from interruption." *D. H. Maury*

"I studied the problem, read all I could find pertaining to it, tested experimentally all the ideas that came to me, and sooner or later the right solution would flash on my mind often at the moment of awakening in the morning after a sound sleep." *T. A. Watson*

". . . I keep the problem in mind, thinking of it while lying awake between 2 and 3 or 4 A.M. and in the morning I wake with a distinct conviction that one of various schemes is the best." *Dr. Chas. B. Thwing*

"The best ideas generally come after a good night's sleep and when the mind is not consciously occupied for the time being . . .

"Inventions are most common when working alone and under quiet conditions, without too many facilities available." *Russell S. Ohl*

Some inventors have testified that they have made their inventions because they have felt compelled to:

"I wish to dwell further on the latter part of my answer which I believe represents a certain quality or gift possessed by few. As stated previously I have found no rest for weeks at a time until I would finally seek seclusion and pencil in hand jot down certain things that would then reveal themselves but which previously were in unrecognizable form in my mind. Sometimes I did not know what they were about although I would be conscious of a constant urge in my mind to stop and interpret them into intelligent ideas. In most cases they were absolutely new ideas in the field to which they pertained. But I could not sit down and deliberately think out something that amounted to invention unless I knew of some necessary result to be attained. These forced inventions (forced on me whether I cared to bother with them or not) are to me very interesting for they appear to be due to a subconscious working of the mind, but in some cases they were entirely foreign to anything that I desired to perfect and often made me feel that perhaps they are God given from some unknown store of knowledge. Only after working out these thoughts to completion did I find mental rest and composure. They would occur sometimes at intervals of a few weeks to a number of months." *Thomas Appleby*

It is not commonly known that Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) was an inventor. The following quotation is from a letter written by Mark Twain to the Commissioner of Patents, in regard to proceedings in the Patent Office relative to one of his inventions on which he subsequently received a patent. In his own language the great author describes the urge to invent:

"For four or five years I turned the idea of such a contrivance over in my mind at times, without a successful conclusion; but on the 13th of August last, as I lay in bed, I thought of it again, and then I said I would ease my mind and invent that strap before I got up—probably the only prophecy I ever made that was worth its face."

There can be little doubt that frequently the inventor is moved by a sense of compulsion. The idea, so to speak, seizes the inventor, and he is unable to ignore its overpowering demand for expression, regardless of personal interests. Often, knowing that his chances for financial gain are slight, the inventor nonetheless plunges into a course that leaves him financially depleted and physically exhausted. There is some imperious impulse, instinct, force, that sustains men like Edison toiling long hours at arduous, painstaking work, with little sleep or food; or like Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, struggling through long years against poverty, illness, family disaster, and almost every kind of legal and business obstacle that his enemies could contrive; or like Goodyear, persisting in the course that he had set for himself, against almost overwhelming failure; or like Fulton, moving like a solitary god through the storms of ridicule and the calms of public indifference.

It is recognized by the courts that there is *something* that may be involved in the production of a patentable invention, necessary, but undefinable.

The following statement was made in a recent case by the U. S. Supreme Court:

"That is to say, the new device, however useful it may be, must reveal the flash of creative genius, not merely the skill of the calling. If it fails, it has not established its right to a private grant (*i.e.*, a patent) on the public domain."

This statement, which seems to hold that to be entitled to a patent, a new device must reveal a "flash of creative genius," has provoked a great deal of discussion, both favorable and unfavorable, in patent circles. One difficulty, and a very practical one, in dealing with creative genius is that we are attempting to evaluate something about which we know practically nothing. A candid statement of the problem that the courts encounter in endeavoring to lay down standards of invention was made in an earlier case by the U. S. Supreme Court:

"What shall be construed as invention within the meaning of the patent laws has been made the subject of a great amount of discussion by the authorities, and a large number of cases, particularly in the more recent volumes of reports, turn solely upon the question of novelty. By some, invention is described as the contriving or constructing of that which had not before existed and by another, giving a construction to the patent law, as—the finding out, contriving, devising, or creating something new and useful, which did not exist before, by an operation of the intellect—

"To say that the act of invention is the production of something new and useful does not solve the difficulty of giving an accurate definition, since the question of what is new, as distinguished from that which is a colorable variation of what is old, is usually the very question in issue. To say that it involves an operation of the intellect, is a product of intuition or of something akin to genius, as distinguished from mere mechanical skill, draws one somewhat nearer to an appreciation of the true distinction, but it does not adequately express the idea. The truth is the word cannot be defined in such manner as to afford any substantial aid in determining whether a particular device involves an exercise of the inventive faculty or not. In a given case we may be able to say that there is present invention of a very high order. In another we can see that there is lacking that impalpable something which distinguishes invention from simple mechanical skill. Courts, adopting fixed principles as a guide, have by a process of exclusion determined that certain variations in old devices do or do not involve invention; but whether the variation relied upon in a particular case is anything more than ordinary mechanical skill is a question which cannot be answered by applying the test of any general definition."

In view of the testimony of many inventors it seems impossible to doubt that inventors in producing innovations do exercise a power of the mind that differs from a purely logical, methodical, step by step attack. The inventive process appears to amount to a sudden mental incandescence, free from conscious volition. This phenomenon is one that is not understood by any who have studied or experienced it. According to many inventors they received their *best* inventions this way. In attempting to discuss this phenomenon it is natural to use such terms as genius, inspiration, external intelligence, subconscious, or even supernatural or supernormal. The simple truth is that something is occurring that we cannot explain scientifically, and that each of us tries to understand as best we may in the light of our own beliefs.

Granting, as it seems we must, the reality of the phenomenon, we may revert to our second question, namely, are inventors peculiarly endowed, or are they simply using a faculty which many persons, including non-inventors, or perhaps all persons, in greater or lesser degree, fundamentally possess?

Not all inventors believe that they are in any way peculiar or exceptional. Many inventors have testified that their secret was hard work. And while we may accept the sudden vision theory it is not necessary to suppose that all inventions that have been successful have been made in a flash. Of course our evidence in this whole matter is incomplete. The inventor usually has been too busy studying his problem, or just daydreaming, to observe himself. And there are the cases of "accidental discovery" as when Goodyear, by the sheer disaster of spilling his rubber concoction on a hot stove, discovered the secret of vulcanization.

Edison is credited with the remark that invention is ninety percent perspiration and ten percent inspiration. Certainly he gave a magnificent demonstration of the efficacy of intense effort, laboring day and night for weeks scarcely pausing for food or sleep. But the majority of Edison's time was absorbed in development, which, as pointed out by R. N. Kircher, must be carefully differentiated from "the flash of a basic idea."

Is this power confined to inventors?

I think not. It simply happens that inventors work on inventions. That is, they plant in their minds problems from the realm of mechanics.

There is evidence that the same phenomenon occurs to artists, writers, poets, and it is rather the accident of law that separates these from the field of "inventions" than any difference in nature.

Many scientists have attested that certain basic discoveries presented themselves in a flash. That these discoveries are not accounted "inventions" and their discoverers "inventors" is due simply to the arbitrary limitations of legal formulation.

Well how about the rest of us?

I can't prove it, but I believe that this power of sudden inspiration is a very common experience. That it does not come into more evidence is due to the fact that it is normally such a natural and unexciting event that we do not notice it, and that it usually operates on the commonplace with which most of us fill our minds.

Women are supposed to have something called "intuition." This seems to be just another of those names that we attach to the phenomenon without really explaining it. Since women are greatly interested in personalities, their sudden inspirations usually concern *who* rather than *what*. If women put a great deal of interest in mechanical things we would have many more great inventions.

Here is an unexplored field. Here is a resource that lies within each of us; a power of great possibilities. Ordinarily the mind marches step by step in regular cadence, and some of our finest knowledge has been obtained in that way. Exceptionally the mind seems to shake free from all limitations of time, and to attain amazing achievements, in a mysterious way.

THE END

DO YOU HAVE A GUARDIAN ANGEL?

by G. H. Irwin

Do invisible watchers stand guard over our lives, guiding us, protecting us from harm, and prompting us during times of temptation?

THE water is deep and treacherous, the current swift, the overhanging bank crumbling . . . and the small boy sits there happily fishing, in grim danger of his life!

Suddenly he starts guiltily. Into his mind's eye flashes a vision of his mother's stern face, his father's beckoning finger, the woodshed . . .

"Gosh, gee, I'd better be gettin' home, or Paw'll tan the hide off'n me!"

Hastily he winds up his fishing line, scrambles to his feet, sets off for home. Behind him there is a splash, and the bank on which he had been sitting collapses into the water, which swirls muddily, angrily, for a moment, as though cheated of its prey. But the little boy is oblivious of his narrow escape, nor is there any eye to see the death that might have been his.

Or is there?

All through the ages mankind has believed in guardian angels. There are millions of persons living today who would be positive that it was something more than the voice of "conscience" which spoke to the little boy and started him from his dangerous position on the precarious river bank. These millions would say that his guardian angel had been watching over him, had contacted his mind in some mysterious, soundless way, and sent him scurrying off to safety.

There are millions more who would scoff.

"Chance," they would say. "Mere chance." "The oddity known as coincidence." "It just happened that way."

But what is the truth of the matter—if the truth *can* be determined at all? And lacking positive proof, what is the evidence for, or against, the existence of a guardian power beyond the ability of our normal, everyday senses to detect?

During the past twenty years, this writer has investigated many strange things, gone into his investigations with what he likes to call "the scientific method". The scientific method is to experiment, interview, observe . . . and fit the

The boy sits happily fishing, unaware of the danger in the overhang of the bank. How can he suspect that he faces death? Yet, from something, comes a warning. . .

observable facts with an hypothesis which will fit the greatest number of them. That is science's way of determining truth, as closely as it can be determined. The theory which fits the greatest known number of conditions definitely proven to exist, is the *most* truthful answer to the problem of the truth of the matter.* What, then, can we say, definitely, about guardian angels, or protecting forces which watch over us?

First, there are the writer's personal experiences, several of which he will list here. The first instance occurred some fifteen years ago. The writer was sitting in his own living room, located at the other end of the house from the rear porch, which was a second-story affair with a wooden railing around it. Below was a concrete-paved back yard. Suddenly, inexplicably, while reading the newspaper, this writer leaped to his feet, dashed madly through the house, and out onto the back porch—just in time to grasp his two-year-old brother by the arm and lift him back over the railing to safety. The youngster's hold had slipped, and he was just beginning a plunge that would have resulted in certain injury if not death.

Another incident involving a youngster occurred more recently, while the writer was driving home from his office. A half-block from a parked car, the strange feeling that a child was about to dart out into the path of the writer's car, from behind that parked vehicle, caused the writer to slow down almost to a crawl. At precisely the time the car would have reached the parked one had it continued its speed, a small child, invisible behind it, lurched into the street. There would have been no chance to avoid striking him, had the writer not been forewarned.

The final incident was considerably more dramatic to your writer, since it concerned his own safety and narrow escape from death. It happened during a fishing trip. Arriving before dawn, the party found it impossibly dark and decided to wait for the approaching daylight before taking off in the boats. Your writer decided to kill time by climbing a hill beside the river and, arriving at the top, watching for the first faint advent of the sunlight. At the top the horizon was dimly visible, and intervening, what seemed to be a level, flat plain. Yet he stood stock still, sensing something wrong. The ground seemed to give a little just at the toes. Turning, the writer climbed back down to where the party waited, not staying to see the beauty he had come to observe. Dawn came, and curiosity became uppermost. Once more climbing the hill, the brink of a precipice some eighty feet high was revealed. There in the soft earth at the edge was the imprint of a shoe-toe. One step more . . .

Curious as to these unexplainable cases of "foreknowledge" of disaster, the writer asked hundreds of

* *Readers of FATE magazine will recollect Mr. Irwin's fine article "Twenty Million Maniacs" in the Spring 1948 issue, in which he dealt with the amazing subject of "voices" and the people who claim to hear them . . . and most interesting of all, what the voices said.—Ed.*

people about their own experiences, or lack of them, of a similar nature. It can safely be said that almost everyone will admit to at least one outstanding instance.

Most interesting experiences came from parents of very small children. Said one man: "Guardian angels? Most certainly! I and my children's guardian angels are on the best of speaking terms!"

And he actually meant "speaking" terms . . .

"Take the other night," he told me. "I was wakened out of a sound sleep by a voice which I swear was still echoing in the room as I leaped out of bed. It just said three words: 'Dan! The baby!' and I made tracks into the baby's room. Smothering, that's what she was! It was a narrow escape."

He went on to tell me that night after night he would obey the promptings of the invisible voice, and he swore that never did the voice (sometimes audible, but mostly not) mislead him. Always there was a necessity for his presence in either one of the children's rooms. Perhaps they had kicked off the bedclothes, and were becoming chilled; or the younger one had wet the bed and required a change; or a leg or arm become twisted in the slats of the bed.

"And, you know," he confided, "It's a woman's voice. She must be a whiz—completely competent, and on the job every minute! I feel sort of safe about those kids of mine . . ."

Said another man: "You asking me questions like that makes me think of a theory I've had about my clock. You see, I usually set it for 6:45 every morning, and just about two seconds before it rings, I wake up and reach out to turn it off. Happens every morning. I haven't wound that alarm in a year! Habit, I used to think. Then I noticed that one morning after I'd set the clock for a half-hour earlier, I beat the bell to the punch by the same two seconds. I figured maybe the clock's works made some little noise just before it rang, which woke me up, so I checked on that, but if it makes a noise, I can't detect it while awake. So, I kinda like to think it's my own guardian angel, waking me up at the right time every morning, and saying 'Joe, shut off the alarm before you wake up the whole family.' "

The subconscious mind, says one school of thought. But if that theory is correct, it gives an amazing array of powers to the subconscious! The power to see the future; the power to see at a distance; the power to see in the dark; the power to form habits instantaneously; the power to receive thought waves; and many other inexplicable abilities equally hard to rationalize.

To the student of the world's religions, the idea of a guardian angel is well established. All religions postulate the existence of these mysterious watchers in one way or another. Some even describe groups of angels working in shifts, as many as ten to a person, or one to ten persons. Especially are children supposed to have constant attendants, adults sometimes losing the protection, a penalty for disregard.

Not only is the guardian angel

entrusted with the protection from harm of its charge, but with a myriad of other duties. It acts as the voice of conscience, directing, correcting, suggesting. It teaches, instructs, implants. It wards off evil influences. It battles mightily with demons and the devil himself. It comforts, calms, heals.

Even among savage races, members of no organized religion, the concept of a guardian spirit is strong and sure. In the case of the atheist, the belief in "hunches", in "chance", in "luck" is quite marked.

And strangest of all, the absolute unbeliever has a complex rationalization in which he has built up such ideas as the subconscious, the mass mind, a sixth sense, cause and effect, predetermination by the normal course of events.

Says he: "The inevitable result of a series of experiences is to build up a predictable reaction to a repetition of the opening events of a chain of events leading up to a conclusion. It is by this method, the recognition of a *pattern of occurrence* through past experience, that one predicts the appearance of a child from behind a parked car. Once before, the observer saw a similar occurrence, and the experience became a part of his subconscious reflex."

Yes, it could all be explained that way, but . . .

The other day the writer talked to a man who told an incredible story.

"I've got a three-year-old daughter," he said. "One day I saw her do something I can't explain. She had been sitting quietly playing with her dolly, when she suddenly climbed to her feet, toddled over to where her five-year-old brother was playing beneath a tree. 'Dickie don't want head hurt,' she said solemnly, and dragged him insistently with her toward the middle of the yard—just before a large branch, loosened by a storm of a few days previous, fell precisely where Dick had been playing."

"Perhaps she saw the loosened branch beginning to sag," the writer suggested.

"No," he said, "I asked her that, and I just couldn't make her understand. All she would say was: 'God didn't want me to let Dickie get hurt on the head.' "

A subconscious reflex conditioned by experience? Perhaps, but *whose?*

Your writer believes in guardian angels, and he doesn't care who knows it!

WHAT COATULUS FAILED TO BURN

In 390 A.D., the Christian priest, Coatulus, burned the Alexandrian Library. His purpose was to destroy the history of Zarathustra (Zoroaster) who was the farthest back of all historical characters. Zarathustra, said these books, was born of a virgin, suffered under a governor, was crucified head-down on a wall, spent three days in death, and then returned to life to preach to the Persians against their despotic government. Coatulus failed to destroy this evidence.

THE TEN LOST TRIBES

by Prof. J. A. Steichert

Ezra gave us the history of two Israelite tribes, and claimed there were ten others who were lost. The belief is growing that he was wrong. Then who were the lost ones?

The author of this rather startling theory concerning the legendary "ten lost tribes" which the Bible mentions (but which are also mentioned by incredibly ancient legends of lands remote from the Biblical area) prefers to remain anonymous. Thus, the name given here is a pseudonym. Therefore, FATE wishes to remind its readers that this article does not carry the usual stamp of authenticity, and this must be borne in mind while reading. There will certainly be much controversy; yet FATE feels justified in presenting this fascinating bit of very ancient history, and asking its readers to think about it carefully (those of you who are more than casual readers) and add your thoughts to those of Professor Steichert. We will forward any letters pertinent to this theory to him. The editors feel that this theory that the lost tribes are really remnants of the original race from which all present-day human stocks sprang is worthy of consideration. As Professor Steichert tells us, perhaps it is we who are lost, not the mysterious ten tribes.

According to Kings II, the ten lost tribes were lost about 730 B.C. and were never heard from again. It is further said that they were lost in Persia, being taken into captivity to suffer a fate unlearned.

Ezra, who is the scribe responsible for appropriating the writings of his day and mistranslating them so that valuable records of previous peoples were irretrievably lost through assimilation into the history of the tribe of Judah, also caused great damage by converting his chronology into a mixture of the two methods of that period, that used by the Egyptian priesthood, and that used by the common people, plus a little Persian timekeeping thrown in. It is mostly because of Ezra that the lost tribes have stayed lost, since their place in Time has thereby been shifted around by at least 12,000 years.

The ten lost tribes were actually lost 15,000 years ago.

There is an old Chinese legend

which mentions the lost tribes, saying that the day would come when they would be found again. This legend is tied up with a mythical journey of a group of Chinese explorers into Persia, into Europe, and into Africa. It is even said that Persians visited China in their turn and Egyptians also, although there is great doubt as to whether Egyptians, as such, existed that long ago.

Researchers have been much puzzled by the legend of "ten lost tribes" which exists in all parts of the world, so buried in antiquity that its actual source cannot be tracked down. Some researchers have noted a queer parallel to the universal legend of the flood. Perhaps, if we assume the literal truth of the survival of a single group of human beings in Noah's ark, this theory has much to be said for it. However, the purpose of this article is not to theorize on the origin of the legend of the ten lost tribes, but rather is an attempt to identify those tribes. Once we know *who* they were, it might be easy to say *where* they came from and *how* they got lost, and *when*.

Where in the world today do we have "lost" races of people, who cannot be fitted satisfactorily into either their surroundings or into a migratory and language pattern? There are such, and from them we can get some vital clues.

Most fascinating, perhaps, are the Basques, those absolutely mystifying peoples of northern Spain. Here, in a little mountain fastness, is a race of people who are an island to themselves. They cannot be linked with the known migrations from the semi-ancient civilizations of the east, nor can their language be linked in an understandable way with any of the root languages of the European continent.

Next are the Berbers, now almost losing their individuality in the melting pot of Africa. Their culture has been demonstrated to have an inexplicable link with that of the South Sea Islands, notably the Hawaiian Group.

Almost as mystifying are the Dravidic tribes of Southern India. Here, again, we have a strange language link. There is the well-authenticated incident of the Irish soldiers, stationed in India, who were amazed to hear the natives in their locality speaking pure Gaelic. These startlingly black Dravids were able to converse with the Irish in their own language.

Thus, with these three tribes, we can link two more, the Irish and the Polynesian. Already we have five mysterious links in a chain of lost races. Also, the suspected link between the Irish, the Druids and the ancient Egyptians is well-known.

The reader is invited to study the language roots of these six peoples to determine for himself that there is more than just a coincidental relationship between them based solely on the exigencies of theoretical necessity demanded by this article. There is an actual language link definitely pointing toward a common origin.

Recently, behind the iron curtain of Russia, further excavations deep behind the Urals were made of a series of ancient tombs which are dated at least 8,000 years ago. Before the war it was discovered, to

the dismay and bafflement of archeologists, that inscriptions on these *oriental* tombs were in ancient and very pure *Greek*. The tombs are all that is left of still another "mystery race" and the definite link with ancient Greece adds two more peoples to our hypothetical list.

Off the coast of fabulous Troy is a sunken city in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Relics recovered from these ruins have been linked to the ancient pre-Mayas. On one famous vase is a definitely identifiable Mayan symbolism.

Crossing the Atlantic to our own American continents, we find a mysterious Israelitish link with the old world in carvings of the Mayas, plus a more startling archeological pyramidical link with Egypt; and closely allied with this, in our own Ohio, Wisconsin and Missouri, the mystifying mounds of the legendary Mound Builders. Most significant link here is the swastika, erroneously accredited to the American Indian.

There are, then, in the world today, remnants or relics of *ten* mysterious tribes of people who cannot be fitted into any orderly pattern of migration. All of them exist across half a world from where they should logically be found. All of them have thrown into complete chaos the rather weakly established pattern of prehistoric migration. Whenever we consider these ten peoples, we are forced to thrust their existence aside, or tumble our present archeological edifice into a heap of voluntary ruins. We would rather call them the "ten lost tribes" and use Ezra's "appropriation" of a legend to glorify his own tribe and give it an undeservedly ancient history, to explain away the unexplainable.

It is *we* who are lost. It is the modern edifice of language and race which has lost its origins. The ten lost tribes of antiquity were our *common source*, and the ten mysterious remnants of that common source are our only anchor to the forgotten past. The key to our mutual origin lies with them.

Perhaps when the Flood came, it scattered the race of Man, isolated him in groups of survivors on the five continents, and left him to evolve a culture with only memories of his fellows, which memories became legends as the thousands of years passed, until 15,000 years ago, great civilizations having grown up in Egypt, Persia, China, America, exploring parties set out from each to track down the mysterious origins of their own civilizations. And, finding them, discovered that time had so diverged their cultures that they had little in common, and so remained little "lost" islands in the lands to which they finally came, to baffle us today with their disturbingly alien culture.

Most significant and conclusive is the fact that in all these divergent localities images of stone and copper with symbolic engravings of the Flood and the children of Noah, and of Shem and Ham and Jaffeth exist, proving their mutual and incredible antiquity.

After 15,000 years, the ten lost tribes have come back to stir our sleeping memories. Perhaps, without realizing it, we have solved the mystery, and all that remains is to collect the facts and sort them out.

THE END

THE NEGRO IN TOMORROW'S AMERICA

by Craig Browning

Today America is trying to do something about racial and religious problems. Intolerance, segregation, discrimination and actual suppression of various groups of Americans, notably Negroes and Indians, have aroused many powerful and future-thinking individuals to a course of action. Among them is President Truman. In this article, FATE presents a facet of the Negro problem which is unusual, to say the least. The author has attempted to show what we may expect in the future, even as far as one hundred years from now. The writer is a Northerner, and to many Southerners a certain amount of bias will be detected. FATE has allowed that bias to remain, as an example of the type of regional thinking that exists in this country. What do YOU think about it? Write your comments to "Report From The Readers".

THERE exists today in the United States a problem of far greater importance than the atom bomb or what Russia is going to do next—yet its only outward signs, as they appear in the newspaper, usually appear on the inside pages. They seem undramatic and are undramatic. To ten percent—or rather, a known ten percent and a suspected two percent—of our population these undramatic two- and three-inch items mark major tactical victories. To twenty percent of the population they mark bitter defeats. To sixty-eight percent of the population they mean little or nothing.

On October first of last year a negro named Sylvester S. Davis and a white woman named Andrea D. Perez, of Los Angeles, heard the California Supreme Court kill the state law forbidding the marriage of white to colored persons. The seven judges were by no means in accord on the decision. Two dissented, and pointed out that twenty-nine other states forbid such marriages, and that in every other court in the thirty states having that law the law has been held constitutional.

Why didn't Mr. Davis and Miss Perez simply go to a state where there wasn't such a law, and get married? It would seem much cheaper than an expensive litigation carried to the State Supreme

Court! Yet, they undertook to do it.

On October sixteenth of last year Emme Lee Freeman, negro school teacher at Douglas High School in Oklahoma City, gained the right before the Federal District Court to get the same pay as white teachers. Federal Judge Edgar S. Vaught signed the order, and directed that all race discrimination in pay by the Oklahoma City school board be stopped, thus winning pay raises for all colored schoolteachers in that city. Where did Emme Lee Freeman get the funds to wage such a battle? And who was her legal counsel?

Father Divine (colored), God of the Universe, Creator of the human race, of the Earth, and of the stars, has a white wife. You may scoff if you are not a believer, but a few million colored people and a few thousand whites believe he is God, and therefore to them he has the force and inspiration of Deity—and if a colored person marries a white to emulate his idea of God, the offspring are all negroes whether that belief is true or false.

The *Negro Handbook* '46–'47, edited by Florence Murray, Current Books Inc., N. Y., states that "it is estimated that millions of persons with negro blood are identifying themselves with white people and being recognized as white."

In government census figures a person of mixed blood is classified as a negro no matter how small the percentage of negro blood.

The *Negro Handbook* also states in regard to restrictive covenant cases: "Negro civil and legal groups have been concentrating their efforts on having these covenants outlawed." A restrictive covenant is an agreement among property owners in a district not to sell to certain races or permit those races to live in that district.

That *Negro Handbook* '46–'47 is itself as significant a sign as is Sylvester S. Davis' carrying of his desire to marry a white woman in Los Angeles rather than out of California to the State Supreme Court. It contains charts, tables, data of negro migration, population densities, and all legal battles over Civil Rights. And Civil Rights for all negroes is one very firm stand of President Truman.

The race problem in the United States has several sides to it and is very complex. Primarily it boils down to the white-colored problem, beside which all others are unimportant. There is no problem at all attached to the Swedish-English, as an example, or to the Polish-French. Nor is there any "disgrace" to living in a Swedish, Polish, French, English, etc., neighborhood.

Marriage and segregation are the two aspects of the race problem usually bringing it to the fore in any clash, though occasionally trouble arises from colored-white discrimination in factories where both are employed.

Peculiarly, there are certain factors which cause me to believe that in less than another century the United States will be inhabited by an all-colored "race" of people. Most important of these factors which almost guarantee the victory of the colored "race" over the whites is the fact that if you are a sixty-fourth colored you are all negro, while you have to be a hundred percent white to be all white. This automatically ensures the expansion of the negro "race" by the stigma

of "contamination". It's like fighting a war with an enemy by rules where you have to kill the enemy soldier to put him out of the battle, while if he even sees you it means you must lay down your gun and give up. You don't stand a chance.

Therefore, so long as the policies of the North are dominant it is certain that in another century the only whites left in the United States will be a few hold-outs in more "backward" parts of the South.

It might be a good thing. If everybody in the country is a negro that name will go out of existence and the race problem will shift to one of aristocracy of color instead of race. Or perhaps it will disappear altogether and we will have a United States "race".

Another factor that almost ensures the eventual envelopment of the United States by its negroes is the present organized spread of negroes into white residential areas. There again the whites are at a distinct disadvantage. If two negro families move into a neighborhood, it is classed as colored. If two white families move into an all-negro neighborhood, it is still a colored section. When two negro families move into a white neighborhood property values drop, white families want to move out, court battles are threatened—and in the end the whites get out, if they have any race pride, leaving the whole shootin' match to their colored brethren.

It goes like this. Here's an all-white neighborhood of fine houses priced on an average at fifteen thousand dollars. A negro can't buy into it at fifteen thousand, though. He has to find an owner who will sell out his neighborhood for a price. The first negro to buy into the community will probably have to pay twenty-five or thirty thousand for his fifteen thousand-dollar house. Of course, as soon as he, and perhaps one or two more negro owners are living in the neighborhood, the whites will be glad to unload their houses for ten thousand just to get out of a negro district. That means that the first few negro families are bearing the brunt of the "battle".

There is nothing of a get-rich-quick idea in this. It is simply a sincere and so far successful method the negroes are using to gain respectable *lebensraum*. They are tired of living in abandoned and run-down neighborhoods deserted by the whites. They are to a large extent prevented from earning as much as the whites so they can afford to build equally—or so it has been in the past. They are capitalizing on the whites' "code of segregation" and the popular belief among the whites that it isn't "respectable" to live in a mixed white and colored district. A white family living in a colored district is considered trash by the whites—and perhaps by the negroes to a certain extent, too.

This *lebensraum*-expansion-program has gained impetus in direct proportion to the earning capacity of the negro population. During and since the war job expansion has gained more than ever before. Today it is possible for a negro to become a skilled laborer and earn a living at it along with a white and with equal pay. Not everywhere and at every profession, but enough

so that it is safe to say the negro national income compares favorably per capita with that of the whites for the first time in the history of the country. In the part of the country outside that area popularly designated as the South, that is.

The time is not yet here when a negro doctor or dentist or lawyer or business man can have his office in the same building as the whites, even in the far north, but negro-owned factories are intermixed with white-owned ones, in many northern cities.

In very few places are negro and white workers working at the same jobs on the same floor and at the same pay, but in many places they work at the same type of job in different parts of the same factory—and at the same pay.

Unless the growing sentiment toward equality of opportunity gets a serious setback it is safe to predict that soon—perhaps within the next ten years—there will be a court case in which a negro doctor wins the right to have his office in the medical and dental building and have his negro and white patients admitted to the major hospitals and use their operating rooms—and have his negro patients in wards with white patients.

It is safe to predict that within the same period or perhaps as a prelude to the above, a negro lawyer will win the right to have his office in an all-white office building.

Further, I predict that within fifty years some state will have a negro governor—but that is a safe prediction since in another century there will be (technically) nothing but negroes in this country except for a few hold-outs who still pride themselves on being white.

That is what the South sees in the future and tries to prevent by their holding down of the negroes, and their rigid segregation.

The South recognizes that if it gives its negro majority equal vote and destroys the principle of segregation not only in living quarters but also in the schools the South will in short order become nothing but a colored South with a few disgruntled whites lurking in last strongholds under the constitutional right to not sell your property unless you want to, held together by a solemn oath not to sell to negroes. That will come within twenty years of the time that negroes are given full voting equality with whites in states where the negroes form thirty percent of the population or more.

In those states that come under the classification of the South, the negro population is far greater in proportion to the white than it is in the North.

In the North the negroes are in the big cities. For example, in Chicago you find many of them. In Evanston, a northern suburb separated from Chicago by Howard Street, which is nothing but stores and office buildings itself, it's safe to say that a good fourth of the population is negro. In Wiebolt's, one of Evanston's largest department stores, you find their women's clothes draped on negro dummies!

Are you white? Do you have children? Then your great-great-great-great-great grandchildren are going to be colored. Your great-

great-great grandchildren will be unaware of the "disgrace" of marrying a negro. Your great-great grandchildren will be unaware of the "indignity" of working along with a colored person, or of living in a colored neighborhood and dancing and going out with one of the colored race.

It is inevitable because the colored people are working toward that—and very successfully. They are doing that because they feel that as Americans they have a right to the same things as the whites and the same privileges—and because if you are a sixty-fourth colored you are a negro, while if you are a sixty-fourth white you aren't a white.

A gradual social reform is under way. That social reform is going a long way further than simply allowing negroes to sit next to whites any place in Washington, D. C. If you are about thirty years old now and raising a young family you will still be alive when it is considered "stuffed shirt" to say anything about that white girl going to a party with a negro.

Perhaps your grandson will have a negro for a competitor for his girl friend's affections. When you point out to him that "no girl who will go out with a negro is worth it" he will lift his eyebrows at you and say, "Don't be that way, grandpop!"

It all started way back when. The white settlers found it was too hot to work, and anyway slavery was popular, so the whites paid good money for blacks captured in Africa and brought over by slavers.

From the very first it became popular in the South for a slave owner to increase his number of slaves by his own procreative powers and so from the very first it was agreed that a mixture of white and black was black. That was contrary to all other agreements all over the world.

At that time a mixture of Indian and white was neither Indian nor white. A mixture of Chinese and white was neither. Only in the South, where slave owners laid down the law, was a mixture of races forced into the underdog race.

When Lincoln freed the slaves it was common belief that you were either black or white. If you had any negro blood you were accepted as a negro and not accepted as a white. With every other mixture the children were ostracized by both the parent races and kicked out.

So the South, which will be the last stronghold of White Supremacy, was the creator of Negro Supremacy, and created those very elements which ensure the victory of the negro race in the end.

Technically, Americans are going to be a race of negroes in another hundred years—only by then the name won't mean anything. The people then will be as proud of their negro blood as they are today of their English and German and Italian and Norwegian blood.

So you might as well get used to the idea that your great-great-great-great-great grandchildren are all going to be negroes. If you can get used to THAT idea, maybe you can get used to the idea that BEING one isn't so awful.

THE END

THE EAST'S "KING OF THE WORLD"

by Mildred Murdoch

This odd oriental legend tells of an underground king who will one day emerge to rule all the world

According to ancient legends and prophecies in the land of the Buddhists, Karma is directing this sad old world toward better days. Karma is the Buddhist idea of destiny (as determined by previous acts), paralleling the Roman and Greek Nemesis, the goddess who metes out justice according to one's deeds; in other words, karma is FATE. After years of tribulation, war and destruction (say the prophecies), out of the mysterious East will march a vast migration of Mongols. With patience and tenacity, and in ways of peace, a new life will be founded upon Earth. And augmenting the Earth people will be the peoples of Agharti. Which takes us from prophecy to legend, and the strange, persistent tales of a subterranean kingdom.

One version puts an approximate date on the founding of an underground kingdom, a date some sixty thousand years ago. A tribe of people disappeared beneath the ground somewhere in central Asia, no one knows where, or will say if they know. Long ago, also, when two great continents disappeared beneath the waters of the ocean, some of their people fled into subterranean kingdoms. It is said that ancient people inhabit underground caves throughout America, as well as in other parts of the world.

Some groups of them have returned to the surface, and have brought with them secret skills and knowledge. One tribe learned to be prophets and sorcerers. Other tribes lived in Agharti for several centuries, and were thrust out and came back to the surface, bringing with them knowledge of the mysteries of predictions by means of cards, lines in the palm, and so on. Those were the Gypsies. Another tribe came back from Agharti knowing how to call up the spirits of the dead. Individuals also have visited the caves, and, returning, have kept secret that which they saw.

An important part of the legend is the King of the World. He is the ruler of the underground kingdom, and in addition he invisibly rules and directs the destinies of all those who live upon the face of the earth. The King of the World maintains contact through solitary prayer with God Himself. The King's tremendous power over mankind is given through the mysterious science of Om. Om was the first man to know God and he lived three hundred and thirty thousand years ago. He taught mankind to fight against evil, to hope, and to believe in God. God therefore gave Om (Adam?) authority over all the forces which rule the world.

The powerful King of the World is supposed to keep in close touch with the thoughts and motives of

men, especially of men's leaders — political, military and scientific — and other strong ones who influence the lot of human beings. If God is pleased with these leaders, the King of the World helps them; if God is not satisfied with the efforts of the leaders, the King brings them to destruction.

There are many versions of stories relating to the occasional appearances to men of the King of the World, and of the manner of his conveying to them his messages. Sometimes envoys have been sent to that underground realm by the highest ranking Buddhist monks. They prepare young men for the journey by forcing them into deep sleep, then prepare their bodies in strange ways and bind them tightly. The youths lie motionless, but with eyes and ears alert. Then a Goro, high priest of the King of the World approaches and, gazing long and steadily, wills the envoys where he wishes. Slowly, the bound bodies lift from the earth and disappear. Not only to Agharti do they go for knowledge, but throughout the Earth, into the heart of fire, and down to the depths of the sea. Some course among the stars, observing, listening and understanding the things for which they were thus sent.

In Agharti itself, there is no evil or crime or destruction. Science has developed to such an extent that the highest knowledge has been attained. A peculiar light exists in the underground caves which enables vegetation, animals and people to grow in abundance and health. The realm contains millions of people. In vehicles of a kind unknown to us, the inhabitants of the subterranean world rush through the passages of the planet on whose surface we live.

Many of the Mongol people are highly conscious of the potency of this King of the World, and believe that when the King prays to Almighty God, all living creatures sense the majesty of the moment, and men await their fate.

What is the *truth* in these stories and beliefs? Is it unsolvable mystery? Hypnosis? Mass vision? Religious fantasy? Or reality? Whatever the answer, realism is undoubtedly present in the powerful force which has been exerted by these legends on the moral actions and political life of the peoples of central Asia.

As late as 1890, the monastery in Narabanchi was reported to have been visited by the King of the World, who there made prophecies for the future. Cataclysms of nature. Battles and destruction. Fire and famine. Nations broken up, with crowds wandering homelessly and hopelessly from place to place. Families divided against themselves, and scattered. Even love and truth shall not be visible, says this terrible prophecy, and God will turn away from the earth.

And then will come a new people, strong and sure, to lead those who have remained faithful to the good, in a fight against evil. At that time the King of the World will appear on Earth before all people, to lead in order and deep religious understanding the battle of the good against the bad. Then, up to the surface of Earth from their subterranean existence will come the good peoples of Agharti.

THE END

TRUE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

Have you experienced something strange and unusual that you wish to relate? This department is devoted to your own experiences.

MY NAME is Charles W. Shangle, Jr. I live at 1402 Colorado Street, Boise, Idaho. On July 14, 1948, I saw sixteen flying disks over the city of Boise, Idaho. Three other persons besides myself saw the objects over Boise. They were Bill Hedrick, Jerry Hedrick and Gerry Hannson, all of whom lived on the same block as I.

We had just finished a game of touch football in which one of the fellows was hurt. I was lying on my back under a tree looking skyward when I saw the first group of disks. At first I thought they were a group of B-29's, as I have seen many of them over Boise before. However, I failed to see any wings on the objects. It was then that I thought that they were disks, and not aircraft. Also I failed to hear any engines.

There were about six in the group. They were round and had a dull silver color. From the clouds I would say they were from 10,000 to about 16,000 feet high. Their speed was close to 600 miles per hour.

It was while we were looking at this first group that we saw the second group. This group was going about 300 miles per hour at about 5,000 to 10,000 feet. I was able to get a very good look at this second group. The disks were not round, but appeared to be like a football in shape. Disks were in a parallel formation to each other. The two leading disks would do a most peculiar maneuver. The two disks would flutter sideways like leaves in the wind falling to the ground. Then they would join together. I saw them do this twice.

The other disks followed in a straight line and none of them fluttered as did the two leading disks. The two leading disks would spurt ahead of the rest of the objects at times as they did their strange maneuver. They would be about a hundred feet apart, then each of them would flutter and come together, touching. After a time they would separate, go apart about one hundred feet, flutter and come together again.

By this time the first group overhead had passed and the second group was about one mile away at approximately 30 degrees to our right. At this point, I had observed these disks about 70 seconds. Then it occurred to me to get my camera, a Keystone 8 mm. with a one and one-half inch telephoto lens.

It took me about 25 to 30 seconds to run home and get outside with my camera. The disks were gone. It is perhaps the most amazing part of my story that the disks had vanished. According to my friends who stayed to watch, the disks had vanished in midair. I am sure that had I had my camera at the time I would have obtained very good motion pictures of

these mysterious disk-like objects.

* * *

MY NAME is B. L. Phipps. I live at Box 694, El Cajon, California. This story is authentic and significant because it changed the destiny of a human life.

On a starlit autumn night some years ago, Reverend William Lloyd and I were fox hunting in the Bennington Hills, in Oklahoma. We sat upon a fallen tree trunk warming our feet by a small campfire we had built and watching the fanciful images play over the glowing coals. The silence of the great forest wilderness bore down upon us, subduing our spirits. The Reverend Lloyd broke the silence.

"During my young manhood, I returned wounded from the Civil War. On recovering I studied for the Ministry and was licensed to preach. After a few months in this service I met a girl. Ida was her name. Beautiful in features, symmetrical and graceful in form and sympathetic and kind in heart. She was the embodiment of everything beautiful, fine and good in young womanhood. But she was worldly minded, didn't belong to the Church and made no pretentions to religion. She even committed the sin, as I thought in my stiff orthodoxy at that time, of going to parties and dancing.

"I became interested in saving her soul from Hell and then I fell in love with her. When I remonstrated with her over her sinful ways, she shook her pretty head, sent out peals of silvery laughter and went on with her happy way of life. Then we became engaged to be married.

"While I was holding a protracted meeting at a distant place, Ida was stricken with acute pneumonia. A messenger was sent for me, but when I reached home, Ida was dead. As I stood by her flower-covered casket I looked down upon her lovely face, wearing a sweet repose that made her more beautiful in death than in life.

"My emotions exploded, breaking my heart into fragments. I rebelled against a God who could be so cruel and a theology so savage as to condemn that lovely and warmhearted girl to burn in Hellfire through the endless ages of eternity, for no cause except that she had ignored a theological dogma. I resolved to quit the Ministry and join the United States Navy.

"That night I was awakened from a restless, fitful sleep by a voice calling my name. It said, 'William, this is Ida. I am living well and happy and I am near you. I want you to quit grieving over me, for your grief makes me sad. Go on with your ministerial work as you had planned to do.'

"That was not a dream, it was a visit from Ida in person. I recognized her voice and felt the presence of her radiant personality as of old. I was more sure of her presence than I am of yours here tonight. I perceive you physically and perceived Ida spiritually.

"Ida's visit that night, forty-odd years ago, changed the course of my life and turned me back to the Ministry. Many times since that night I have felt Ida's presence, inspiring and encouraging me. I know that she is alive and happy in the spirit world close by. This experience has been the secret of my life. I have never told it before. You are a student of psychic phenomena and I felt like telling it in detail to you tonight."

That was the Reverend Lloyd's last fox hunt. A few years later he passed on to join his beloved Ida.

* * *

MY wife and I were married in Watson, Illinois in 1894. We bought a small farm eight miles south of Watson, and about a half mile north of the little town of Edgewood, Illinois. This place adjoined the Illinois Central right-of-way on the east, while three hundred yards to the southwest along the railroad lived our nearest neighbors, the Claypooles.

When we bought the farm it was equipped with an old log house sixteen feet in length and fourteen feet wide. It had a small lean-to addition on the north which we used for a bedroom and a sitting-room combined. Other half-ruined buildings stood on the place when we moved in. With the help of an old carpenter from Edgewood, we put a new roof on the house, and installed a new floor of rough lumber. When the job was finished we had a well-repaired old house fixed up nicely enough for a pair of young married folks starting out for themselves.

While cleaning out the rotted flooring with its accumulated debris, we discovered a sunken spot eight feet long and six feet wide in the southwest quarter of the room. This seemed to be a catch-all for cans and old shoes and the usual junk that one gathers up around a place.

"Just an old cellar," I thought. "In the fall, I will dig it out and use it to store away our own canned fruit and vegetables."

We moved our furniture into the house, and were soon settled down to housekeeping. Everything went well for a week, then one night at nine o'clock after we had retired it happened! *The Thing*, as we came to call it, paid us its first visit.

I kept the coal-oil lamp, a box of matches and my revolver on a stand-table in the southeast corner of the lean-to, near the door that opened up into the kitchen. Before going to bed, I had placed the old yellow cat in the kitchen to catch mice that had been bothering us.

Suddenly the cat let out a squall as if something had frightened it nearly to death; then came a heavy thumping noise as if one or more bodies were threshing about over the floor. This was followed by gurgling sounds and moans as if someone were being strangled. A quiet moment or so followed the uproar, broken by a sound as if a body was being dragged across the kitchen floor.

I jumped out of bed, ran across the room to the door and pushed it open. The noise in the kitchen stopped instantly.

I lit the lamp, stepped into the kitchen and looked around. Against the wall at one side stood the cat with its tail fluffed up and every hair upon its back erect. Nothing seemed to be out of place. Even the dishes upon the table were undisturbed. The room seemed empty, but the cat, with hair still erect, was looking backward in a frightened manner while she worked her way along the wall toward the doorway between the two rooms. A damp, disagreeable odor tainted the air. I shivered and backed out.

Throughout the summer *The Thing* confined its operations to the kitchen. It did not annoy us during the day nor at night until we put out the light and went to bed. It would visit us from one to three or four times a week; stay an hour or so, or sometimes the balance of the night.

Neither of us believed in ghosts, but we did believe that every effect came from a natural cause. Someone, we reasoned, wanted the place and had rigged up some kind of a contrivance to scare us out.

I placed a bar across the inside of the kitchen door that led to the well, and fastened down the two kitchen windows. I pulled up all weeds and grass for a distance of six feet back from the sides of the house. I smoothed the ground down nicely in the hopes of finding footprints of some kind after the rains. I cut down an oak tree that stood close to the house thinking that some one could swing from a limb to the house and thereby gain an entrance. But all my efforts came to nothing. The racket in the kitchen continued.

This went on until potato digging time in the fall. Then one evening at the supper table I said to my wife: "I've caught up pretty well with my work, so I'll start on the cellar in the morning. I'm anxious to get it cleaned out and fixed up before cold weather comes."

We went to bed at the usual time. We had been in bed for about ten minutes when our collie dog began to cry and then to howl. I let her out, then went back to bed. In a short time knocks sounding like that of bare knuckles came from the walls in different parts of the room. These noises were followed by a sound as of someone dragging a heavy body over the floor in the room. I lay there quietly for a few moments, then it seemed as if a pair of hands grasped the iron railing at the head of the bed and shook it violently. It happened the second time. When the bed shook for the third time, I leaped out of bed, lit the lamp and peered all around the room—but I had again drawn a blank.

By this time my wife was becoming alarmed. I passed the matter off by telling her that the bed shakings were caused by three earthquake shocks. I went to Edgewood the next morning to verify this, but not a person in town had felt the shocks. However, we were now convinced that *The Thing* seemed to have no power to devil us in daylight or when the lamp was burning. By keeping the lamp burning through the night we forced *The Thing* back into the kitchen. In a few days we had an offer for the place, and decided to sell it. We moved back to Watson, but before I took the last load I made up my mind to examine that hole beneath the floor in the kitchen.

I raised the door I had placed in the floor. With a shovel I dug out dirt and trash and pushed it back out of the way beneath the floor. I discovered human bones, plenty of them. I unearthed three skulls, and felt more down beneath my feet. Each of these three skulls had a large round hole punched through the back part of the head. Something, a hammer probably, had struck each of these poor fellows a terrific blow aimed from behind.

I filled in this charnel house of half-rotted bones, nailing the floor boards back firmly into place.

About a week after this I happened to pass the Claypoole house. Mrs. Claypoole hailed me.

"Will," she said, "did you folks ever see or hear anything strange while you lived in that old house?"

I didn't mention the bones in the cellar, but I told her we had heard plenty we couldn't figure out.

"No one has been able to figure it out," she said. "Family after family have lived in that old house from a week to a month and have moved out. They all seemed to be afraid to talk. You folks have lived there longer than anyone else, and I have wondered how you ever did it."

* * *

My sister met me at Bayfield, Wisconsin to attend the funeral.

While I realized she and Aunt Winnifred had been very close, I was not prepared for her extreme distraction, and I asked her what was troubling her.

"Early yesterday morning," she told me, "I had a strange dream. It seemed that some relative had died, and I went to the funeral. All the folks were there and no one recognized the corpse. I wandered around asking everyone who the dead person was, but no one could tell me. They all said, 'it is a relative'. I couldn't even find out where we were, and I was very frightened.

"Not only that," she went on, "but when we came out from the home to go to the church after the short prayer, a long line of old-time closed carriages and a hearse to match, stood waiting for us. They were colonial era, like pictures from an old book. They had side doors and the drivers sat up high in front.

"The ringing of the telephone woke me from that dream. It seemed that it had been ringing for a long time before I became conscious enough to answer it.

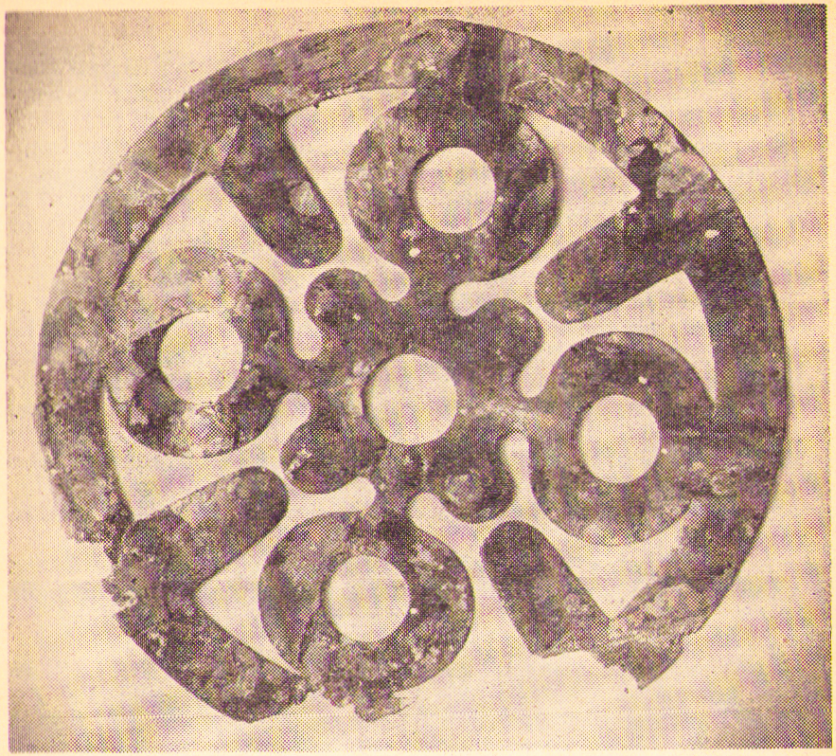
"That telephone call told me of the death of Aunt Winnifred. The message of her death, breaking into my dream of a death in the family, unnerved me, I guess. I do feel better now that I have told you, but it's like an unfinished story—I keep waiting for the rest."

The funeral for our aunt was to be held from the Consolidated Church, but the body lay at the home for the prayer preceding the funeral. My sister and I were paired to walk together in the procession. Coming out of the house, we both looked up as we stepped onto the porch.

We stopped in our tracks, and my sister swayed as she grasped my arm for support. There before us stood a line of old-time horse-drawn carriages and an ancient hearse. They were exactly as my sister had described them.

After the funeral was over, we learned that Aunt Winnifred, who had been public librarian at Bayfield for 30 years, had also been a member of the Chequamegon Bay Old Settlers Club. The funeral had been conducted by this club and she had been honored by the highest tribute they could pay—these museum-piece carriages had been assembled, conditioned and used in her honor.

THE END

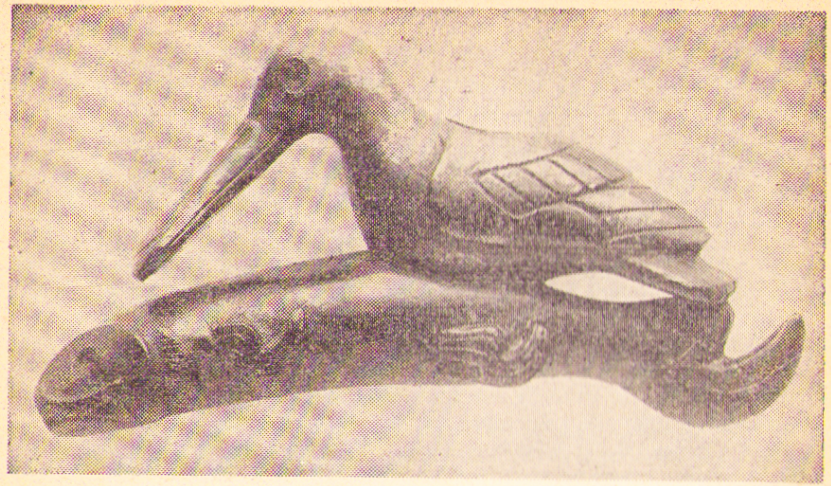


MYSTERY of the MOUND BUILDERS

by Frank Patton

These mysterious people lived here so long ago that not even legend tells who they were; but the symbol above is incredibly ancient

ANCIENT races have always been the subject of much conjecture, and in all parts of the world there are remarkable archaeological remains which have drawn researchers to spend tedious years in excavation, restoration, and classification. But until very recently the oldest remains of Man on earth have always been allocated to Asia and Europe and Africa. Never has America played a very important part in the program of research into the dead past. The reason for this has been due mostly to a very serious error in claiming for America only a comparatively recent habitation by man. Particularly has this



This finely carved pipe is the product of an extremely cultured people.

been so concerning the North American continent. Especially has it been so in regard to the U. S.

Initial exploration into the early Indian races of this country resulted in dating the Indian back to approximately the 8th century A.D. Before that time, it was believed, America was a virgin land, inhabited only by animals.

Today the presence of man on this continent has been pushed back to at least 10,000 B.C. and even as far as 22,000 B.C. Recent discoveries have begun to show that America may well have been the cradle of man on the earth. Whether this is true or not is open to serious question, but at least one conclusion regarding ancient races on this continent is definitely erroneous in every detail—and that is the claim that the mysterious Mound Builders date back to approximately the time of Columbus, at which time they were supposed to have been wiped out in an Indian war, and that they existed here only six hundred years previous to that time, giving them an originating date of approximately 800 A.D.

The truth of the matter is that the Mound Builder culture throws such a serious monkey-wrench into the rickety structure of archaeological research in America that its mysteries have been allowed to remain largely undiscussed and even ignored. Certainly the fact that they have been neglected is revealed in the amazing revelation that vitally important and disturbing discoveries made in 1891 were not even published until 1922, and then in very incomplete form, certain important records being lost, strayed or stolen —and irretrievable due to the fact that excavation has destroyed the mounds completely.

I refer to the now famous Hopewell mounds on the farm of M. C. Hopewell on the North Fork of Paint Creek, Ross County, Ohio. Archaeology in America owes a great debt of gratitude to Warren K. Moorehead, Curator of the Mu-

student of ancient religions. The ancient Persians did the same thing in their temples and houses; the Egyptians of the earliest dynasties also used the Mound Builder symbolism. It is inherent in the swastika, both Mound Builder and Egyptian, in both of which the direction of the arms is toward good. (Curiously enough, Hitler's version was turned wrongly, toward evil.)

The religion of the Mound Builders is that of the most ancient of earth's races!

The knowledge of the Mound Builder was far advanced over that of the Indian races of America. Moorehead mentions many times the great number of "plummets" found in the mounds. These were, specifically, plumb-bobs, and were even grooved so that strings could be attached. They also had the square and the tee. They worked with the level. Their mounds were constructed and orientated with great scientific skill. In other words, the Mound Builders were members of the great sect of "Builders" who are responsible for the pyramids of Egypt, of Yucatan and South America, of Mexico, of China. Most striking pyramids in the United States are the Mound Builders' Cahokia Mounds at St. Louis, almost entirely destroyed during the growth of the city.

The science of the Mound Builders was that of the most ancient of earth's races!

Lastly, we come to the mystery of the "size" of the Mound Builder. This, according to Moorehead's researches, is confused by the presence of later aboriginal burials on the mounds. Actually, we can be quite sure that the mounds themselves were inhabited long after the Mound Builders died out, by Indian tribes who emulated their methods of burial and who attempted to duplicate their workings in copper and their wonderful carvings on bone (working, however, in wood). These later burials, more of which survived Time than did the original interments, served to confuse Moorehead and others. We can sympathize with his inability to reconcile the ritual burial of well-used adult copper axes with the bodies of children. Also, the burying with the bodies of such "children" of literal fortunes in pearls and other possessions, especially exceptionally fine and artistic carvings on bone and bear's teeth and quartz. These were the possessions an adult might be expected to accumulate during a lifetime, but not a child.

The fact was that the Mound Builders were pygmies. They were the "Little People." Indian legends tell us of the little people, incredibly ancient, who were all-wise, and who acted as advisers to the fathers of the red race. Even in the legend of Hiawatha, the little people are mentioned. Hiawatha founded the forty nations of the Algonquin, and his period has been estimated as 5300 years ago. At least that far back the Indian places the beginnings of the Algonquin Federation.

The little people are the sacred people of all races of mankind, as far back as legend will take us. They are present everywhere. Especially are they important in ancient religions. The Chinese tell of the little people, the wise ones who knew the

stars by name and talked to the one great god who created all.

Back in 1919, in the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Museum, a "Mound Builder" mummy was placed on exhibition. The placard beneath it indicated he was a male, aged approximately eleven years, and in a remarkable state of preservation. He was said to come from a period perhaps four hundred years ago, and his home was southeastern Wisconsin. Later the Museum removed the exhibit. Too many questions were being asked, because it was too painfully obvious that the mummy was that of a full-grown adult. I saw that mummy myself, and in my considered opinion, it was that of a man of perhaps thirty-five, and also, it was much more than four hundred years that Time had rested on his mummified husk. No archaeologist would have called that skull "Indian". It most certainly was "Mound Builder" and on its remarkably handsome features, even yet, was a look of wisdom that not even complete dessication and petrifaction could erase. He disturbed me as much as his Hopewell counterparts disturbed Moorehead.

Does the search for the First Man end in the Hopewell Mounds? Has archaeology made the greatest blunder of all time in its conclusion on the results of the excavations made there (which can never be duplicated)? Is America's "garden of Eden" the ancient abode of the Mound Builders? Is the Mound Builder proof of an ancient universal race which overspread the whole earth in peace and knowledge and faith in the Great Spirit, the Creator of the entire Universe?

As a final proof that the Mound Builders are America's most ancient and mysterious race, I present a very old Indian legend whose origin has been completely shrouded in the mists of antiquity:

"In the very young days of the world, the impatience of men led them to perceive not Me and My good works, and they set about to do My labor. Thus came evil into the world; but I separated the evil from the good. Into the four corners of the world separated I them; where all is coldness and hunger, where they have invented the evil-killing bow and the flint dart, destroying My living creatures.

"My righteous shall live in mounds of earth and stone and wood, where the serpent and tiger and other evil-devouring beasts cannot come upon them. But for the light of my angels to come and abide with My people, they shall provide the hoogadoah, the well-covered house, and it shall have but one door. But the dwelling of the hoonshawassie (the prophet) shall have one ongji (window). And he shall have a mukagawin, the true sign of poverty, and it shall be his jewel, made of copper and gold.

"Over the mounds, My angels shall keep watch against the evil approaching ugha, and they shall awaken My sleeping children, and they shall not suffer."

Of all the world's peoples, none but the Mound Builders survived all dangers so that they could overspread the entire world with their builders' culture. Perhaps, after all, they *were* the chosen people?

THE END

I MET A DESCENDANT OF ATHUALPA

by Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg

Deep in the fastnesses of the Colombian jungle lives an old Indian who says he is a descendant of Athualpa—but stranger still is his weird ability to foretell the approach of the grim messengers of death anywhere in the world.

WE had moored our little schooner in the quaint harbor of Barranquilla, Colombia, intent on traveling up the Magdalena River to explore for a buried treasure cache concerning which I had heard many rumors.

I hired a small *curial*, a native dug-out canoe, and with Lani, my guide, we started out.

Along toward the evening we edged in to shore and made camp for the night. After my guide had prepared my portable tent, it wasn't long before I was asleep.

The following morning I left Lani in charge of the camp and started out on my own to explore a short distance. A five-mile tramp along the stream made me tired, hungry, and thirsty. In the distance, above a dense growth of tall ceiba trees, floated a thin thread of white smoke. Smoke meant habitation—so toward it I tramped.

Instead of the white settler's shack I had expected to find, I discovered a large and well-constructed native thatch-roofed hut.

As I neared the opening of the strange hut I shouted. An old Indian answered my call. He had a face not easily forgotten; it was so different from those of the natives along the lower part of the stream. His hair was long and black; his nose straight and broad at the base. He appeared to be at least sixty years old, or possibly a little more, but nevertheless his stained teeth were firm and regular. For one of his advanced years his chest development was magnificent. He carried himself regally. A pair of deep-set black eyes dominated his heavily-scarred face. For clothing, he was clad in an old pair of much-patched trousers and a cheap once-blue shirt.

The aged Indian appraised me

Lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg is a world authority on sunken treasure. He wrote two overwhelmingly popular books, "I Dive For Treasure" and "Treasure Hunter." He was the first man to locate and explore the sunken city of Port Royal, off Jamaica, once known as the "Pirates' Babylon"; and he has disproved the fabulous legend of the buried treasure on Cocos Island. He has salvaged many an ancient Spanish galleon, rotting for centuries, bringing to the surface a vast treasure of jewels—gold, silver and pieces of eight. His present adventure concerns a more mysterious event, but one which gave him an even more exciting and eerie feeling than his underwater battle with an octopus

with a keen glance, saying no word of greeting whatever.

"Could you oblige me with a cup of water?" I asked.

He indicated a rough-hewn bench close beside the hut, and passed inside the thatched structure. A moment later he returned with a battered tin cup of milk. I sipped the cool drink. I made several cursory attempts to engage the old man in conversation, but my efforts met with little success at the moment. After finishing the milk I thanked him, rose to go, and offered him a silver coin in payment.

I was not prepared for the rebuff I received. Instead of accepting the coin, the old man drew himself up to his full height, which was well over six feet.

"I am Tlik!" he said.

I realized that I had somehow offended him by offering payment for his hospitality; so I hurriedly pocketed my coin.

"I am sorry; please pardon me. I do not know the ways of your land as yet. I am a stranger here."

He peered at me with an expressionless countenance. Then, "From where do you come, *Señor*?"

I explained to him that I had come to Barranquilla in a ship from the United States far to the north, across the Gulf of Mexico. The old man immediately became a little more friendly, and finally invited me inside his little hut.

After an hour or so in talk the old man remarked gravely, "Fate sends no one by chance." Then, rising to his feet, he began digging into an old crate, from which he pulled forth a tightly-wrapped bundle of soiled and spotted letters tied with a piece of cord. He turned

and handed the package to me.

"Will you tell me what these say, *Señor*?" he asked. "They are the letters of my son, Matte, who passed away to the north." He explained that neither his son's wife, who was living with him now, nor himself, could read English, though they both spoke it almost perfectly, as well as they could speak Spanish. His son, he said, had attended a missionary school many years before his death.

Being most curious to learn why the old Indian had not obtained some passing official or other person to read the letters to him long before, I asked him the reason for not having had them read before this time. He explained that he associated with but few white men: the Spanish or Colombian officials who came through the country at times he was unfriendly with, as they had, he said, taken his lands from him many years before. He would not ask a favor of them—the letters therefore had been carefully kept intact until fate sent along an interpreter.

I was glad of the opportunity to repay the old man for his kindness, and so sat down again and read through the bundle of long-ago dated letters. He listened with utmost interest. The letters were put together very well, and described in simple native language the wonders of civilization to the north, while the dead son's own experiences on board a large freighter as a seaman were most particularly stressed. There was also an official notification by the vessel's master, one W. L. Larson, advising the old man of his son's accidental death by drowning just out of Vera Cruz, Mexico. The envelope, still sealed when I came to it, puzzled me, for Tlik had already informed me that he knew of his son's death. I was most curious to learn what time had elapsed before he had, in some strange and uncanny manner, learned the bad news. I asked him how, as tactfully as it was possible to do.

"Tlik knew of Matte's departure that very same night," he replied quietly. Then, noticing my surprise at his answer, he added, "Am I not Tlik?"

Through the evening's stillness, which permeated the inside of the hut, I could hear the soft dripping of the tropical rain on its outside. It wasn't long before it began to pour—as it can only pour in the tropics—with the water coming down so heavy that the landscape outside was almost entirely obliterated. And every few seconds a flash of lightning, so vivid as to make the blackness of night like day, would be followed by a deafening crash of thunder. The roar of the storm seemed to redouble in fury each minute that followed; even where no water flowed before little streams now ran in all directions like miniature torrents. Under the circumstances there was nothing for me to do but remain for the night with Tlik and his daughter-in-law, and partake further of their hospitality. It would have been suicide for me, an entire stranger in these parts, to attempt to undertake my return trip to my temporary camp some five miles downstream.

However, during the evening meal, which the old man's daughter-in-law, Pai, prepared for us, our acquaintanceship increased—even Pai warmed up to the occasion of having, for the first time, a white man honor their habitation. She proved to be a splendid specimen of Indian womanhood, different from the usual native women of the surrounding territory. She was tall and handsome, with the deportment of a queen and the sweet, musical voice of a race which had handed down its traditions throughout many generations, by word of mouth alone, provided the descendants were of the original stock. Both Tlik and Pai, apparently, were of some ancient Indian civilization with which, as yet, I had not come into contact on my various and many travels. But what they were doing in these wilds was something which I could not, at the moment, understand; they were so out-of-place to the environment of the Colombian jungle country. Anyway, I found Pai most charming.

I sat there by the sweet-smelling fire, which Tlik had started in the center of the hut, listening to her songs of Indian love of a period far into the Past; I found it a truly delightful experience, one most different from anything I had heretofore encountered. Though I knew not one word of what she was singing, her soft cadences expressed her meaning very clearly—even I, who had little in common with women, could understand her expressions. I could tell what she was singing about, and she sang many songs for me that night—mostly love songs to her departed mate, Matte.

Pai had informed me, while her father-in-law had gone for the wood for the fire, that Tlik was regarded in awe by the local natives and with suspicion by the white settlers and Colombian officials. He was, she said, supposed to be endowed with strange powers; in fact he had reputedly cured a native Indian woman's child of paralysis by merely looking into the child's eyes and massaging the afflicted limb. Tlik, Pai further told me, was one of the few remaining direct descendants of an Indian tribe from far across the mountains to the south, beyond where the great rivers had their beginning—a descendant of Athualpa, the Incan Emperor!

The following day Tlik promised to take me fishing, and teach me the way in which fish were caught in the Magdalena River; too, possibly we'd have time to do a little hunting.

It was very late in the evening when we pulled out from the river bank; the moon was already up. After paddling the *curial* out some distance, about a mile downstream, we sat quietly, our lines baited with baby shark meat, our pipes aglow. Suddenly Tlik broke the silence.

"*Señor* Lieutenant, have you ever seen the spirits of the dead?"

In that strange stillness of the river's expanse, and under that early moon the question took me off-guard.

"No."

I noted his surprised expression, so I hastened to remark, "In my country, to the north, there are many people who say they can see and talk with the spirits of the dead, Tlik—but whether they do or do not I don't really know."

For some moments the old man was quiet.

"Perhaps the people of your country, of whom you relate who see the departed spirits, are of the descendants of chiefs?"

I agreed with the old man that such might be the case. Then, in turn I asked him: "Do you, Tlik, see the spirits of the departed?"

"Yea," he replied calmly. "When the moon is shining, as it will be this night, I often see them paddling down the river in the big canoe which the gods of my ancestors brought from the 'Land Beyond'."

There must have been something bewitching about the moonlight there on the Magdalena River stretches: a slight mist seemed to hover over the broad stream, and a warm breeze sighed gently through the trees and vegetation which lined its low banks and wafted strange odors across the water to our little dugout. But apart from all that the still silence was indescribable—it was as if the whole world were sleeping. Under such an environment it suddenly seemed to me quite natural for this old Indian philosopher to see the shades of his ancestors from the land of Atahualpa.

"Can you see them tonight, Tlik?" I asked.

"No, *Señor* Lieutenant," he explained. "It is only when one of my kin leaves us to go to the 'Land Beyond' that I see them. Then their forefathers greet them on the riverbank and take them in the great canoe to where the river ends; that is where the departed live. They paddle down the river singing songs, for there is always happiness when a son joins his fathers."

"Did your son, Matte, journey in the big canoe after he was drowned?"

"No; but he will—when the time comes."

"When will the time come, Tlik?"

"When Pai goes to Matte and her forefathers."

Then, before the aged Indian continued, there was a deep silence between us. However, after a few moments, he continued.

"Until then the spirit of my son dwells in the tallest ceiba tree behind my hut; he is watching over Pai and waiting for her. When the time comes they will journey together, for such is the way of their forefathers." He rose from his sitting position in the little dugout, pulled up the small anchor and dragged it into the bottom of the craft; then he let the boat drift with the current a couple of miles further downstream and again dropped the anchor over the side. Here we put out our lines, lit our pipes, and waited for bites.

Tlik had now been extremely quiet for some time. The bright moon hung in the heavens like an immense disk of orange; and there was a sharp breeze coming upstream. We sat unspeaking for nearly an hour, pulling in a fish or two now and then. Suddenly a stronger breeze sprang up which quickly turned into a small gale. Black clouds scudded across the sky, the moon became hidden, and a few drops of warm rain began to fall.

Tlik began pulling in the lines and paddling quickly for the shore

shelter, among the overhanging lianas. We were just in time, for it wasn't long before the coming storm swooped down in real earnest; rain fell in blinding sheets, the wind shrieked, thunder rumbled and pealed like heavy artillery. We both sat there in the tiny craft, watching the awe-inspiring spectacle in deep silence. Then, as suddenly as the gale had begun, it ceased; a few belated clouds scurried away, peace fell again on the scene, and the bright moon again flooded the river and landscape on both sides with light.

We were both soaked to the skin and decided to call it a day. Tlik took the paddle, turned the bow of the little craft in the direction of his home upstream, and pulled steadily back up the now fast-running current. After paddling for some twenty or thirty minutes, the old man unexpectedly paused in his strokes, put down his paddle, allowing the craft to take its own course inshore toward the river bank with the stream's drift.

I looked at him closely. The old Indian's eyes seemed to see something in the distance before us and, having found what they sought, held it as intently as a pointer dog follows the flight of a bird. As for myself, I could see nothing unusual. Tlik continued to sit there like a man in a deep trance; his eyes looking curiously *fey*, as the Scots say—doomed to death—but after a few more moments they recovered their usual intelligent expression again.

The old man glanced along the boat at me and then slowly leaned over and picked up the paddle.

"Tonight my son, Matte, and my son's wife, Pai, have joined their forefathers."

I sat there bewildered, amazed and unbelieving! I could find no words adequate to answer the old man for the moment, and somehow I just didn't feel like asking him what he meant. However, to relieve my embarrassment, I reached out and grasped the other paddle which rested on the bottom of the *curial*. Together we pulled the current in silence. Soon we had the little dugout moored to its post close to the hut of Tlik and Pai. Then, still in silence, we hastened over the matted path which led from the river bank up to the hut, old Tlik leading the way.

As we approached the site, I noted that the tallest of the ceiba trees, its massive bole scorched by lightning, lay fairly across the demolished hut and extended directly in our path. Tlik turned at the sight, hurried back to the *curial* to get the hurricane lantern which was tied in its bottom. He quickly returned, throwing its dim light about the debris of the shattered hut. It was but a few moments before we came upon the body of Pai.

I stooped over her still body, the body of the woman who but a few hours before had bid us good luck in our fishing. Her beautiful face was uninjured, and it seemed to wear a broad smile—the smile of one greeting a long-lost friend.

There was nothing either Tlik or myself could do—Pai had gone to her Matte, and her forefathers.

THE END

REPORT FROM THE READERS

Cpl. Dick White

I can't hope to tell you how much *we* enjoyed your magazine. I say *we* because I am in the Air Force, and there are 26 men to a barracks here, and the other night one of my buddies bought FATE. He was telling us about the stories in it. Some of the fellows laughed, and some of us started thinking. A strong argument ensued as to whether or not this was all lies. But those who were scornful were quickly put "at ease" by some of the noted persons who performed the tests that proved beyond reasonable doubt the truth of the issues.

FATE has made the rounds and there have been several quiet talks about some of the strange things we have seen. Today I was lucky and had FATE to read over myself. I have just finished it, the stories being so interesting that I couldn't put it down. It is now 3:46 A.M.

This payday you can expect quite a few of us to send for FATE. It gives us something that has been a sort of secret knowledge to us, and puts it in the clear.

Thank you for putting out such a wonderful magazine, and here's wishing you "good luck". We hope to see your magazine become the monthly that it should be.

If our commanding officer approves of your magazine, then what's good for Uncle Sam is good enough for all skeptics. Right?

Right! It's letters like yours that make us feel like VE day all over again. We aim to please, and we want that sharpshooter's medal. As for any "lies" in FATE, there may be—but when we find 'em out, we'll be the first to say so. We aren't perfect, but we won't "bull" you any!

Mrs. F. E. Smith

I am always finding the answers to my problems in unexpected ways and places. One day, not long ago, I was trying my best to think of the year of the landing of the Pilgrims. I knew it as well as I know my own name, but my mind suddenly went blank when I tried to think of it. I could have looked it up, but there was no hurry and I knew it would come to me sooner or later.

For some time I had been wanting to get several copies of FATE to send to relatives; so next day I went down to your office building on Clark street. Your company was not listed on the building directory, so I enquired of the elevator starter and he said you were on the 16th floor, room 1620. That had no significance to me for the moment, until I had left the elevator and stood facing the number on your door. Then the full import of it dawned on me and almost took my breath away. 1620—the year of the landing of the Pilgrims! I had been led to my answer.

It's Fate, that's what it is, Mrs. Smith. And we were delighted that you dropped in to see us. We hope that the answer to all your problems, both big and small, comes as pleasantly as that one.

* * *

William G. Delahan

Monday of the week of July 27, 1948, I was a reporter on the *Alice Daily Echo* at Alice, Texas. A Mexican came in and asked if any of us had seen the "star in the sky." He took me outside and pointed at the spot in the sky he wanted me to look at. I looked and saw nothing. He asked me to accompany him to his home. There, he said, he was sure I would be able to see it. He had sighted over a telephone pole there, since it was difficult to find unless one knew where to look for it.

To make a long story short, I did see it. Others were able to view it without binoculars, but I needed them.

It was spherical in shape, appeared to have smooth edges and gave off a negligible amount of light. Dr. John A. Guinn, superintendent of schools and a former Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Navy, thought it was about some 5,000 feet up. Russell J. Purner, executive secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, C. A. Day, manager of the *Alice News*, and a local policeman also saw the "mysterious object." They needed no binoculars as I did.

The object did not appear to be moving and remained in the area for two days, or about that length of time. It couldn't have been a star.

Purner got very tired of receiving telephone calls from everywhere about the "disk," so he conceived the idea of halting the story by saying it had been a publicity stunt of the Chamber of Commerce. U.P. printed this statement, which he had admitted to me was a complete fabrication on his part.

Various theories were advanced. Some said it was a reflection from a tin roof in Alice, but no one found the roof. Others thought it was a star; all those who said this were not among those viewing it.

The *Houston Press*, *Houston Chronicle*, National Guard and U. S. Navy all sent planes over to look for the object, but they arrived the day after it had gone.

Elmer Davis spoke of it on his news broadcast, as did others. U.P. and A.P. both carried stories. I wrote the first story for U.P. Bill Mason, editor of the *Echo*, never even bothered looking for it and made the situation somewhat farcical by calling the object a "ball of fire" and a "stationary comet," making no effort to print the purely factual story I wrote. That was his privilege, but didn't tell the facts.

Most everyone snickered and thought we had been "seeing things or had too much to drink."

I hope that you, too, will not scoff. The *Houston Press* did a particularly good job of embarrassing us, sending down a plane with photographers and reporters who took a picture of us. They lam-

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ON SALE AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

pooned us mercilessly in a front-page feature story.

Here's an example of what the Press did to murder the "flying disks" and make them the laughing stock of the country. It should be obvious to all, now that FATE has presented all the known facts, that it is these "smart aleck" reporters and publishers who demonstrated, not spots before their eyes, but dry rot spots on the tumors they call brains.

Right now, today, pilots who are seeing these things all over the place, just don't talk about it. Courts Martial is an ugly word, and although we don't know that anything like that would happen, we hereby take the privilege of imagining it might. Funnier things than that have happened in this flying disk affair. Your editor is now among those who can add his report to those who have seen them, and he's going to be awful difficult to convince he saw anything but the real thing. Also, if any other government on earth has anything like these things, we might as well throw in the sponge. The fact of the matter is that there is such a staggering array of competent observation on these mystery objects that there can no longer be any reasonable doubt as to their existence. What surprises us is that no "official" publication has undertaken to "stick its neck out" and present the combined evidence with names, and signed statements.

* * *

Jeremiah J. Mealy

The author of the article "The Black Art" in the Fall, 1948 issue of FATE stated that "St. Augustine

brought Christianity to England." If Mr. Maxwell is right, then some famous old books and famous persons must be wrong.

The British historian, Gildas, wrote about 546 A.D. "These islands received the beams of light, that is, the Holy precepts of Christ, the True Sun, at the latter part, as we know, in the reign of Tiberius Caesar."

The Vatican librarian, Cardinal Baronius, provides us with more historic evidence in an ancient manuscript which he discovered in the archives of the Vatican Library. This document records the arrival of Joseph of Arimathea, Lazarus, Martha and Mary at Marseilles in 35 A.D. on their way to the Isle of Britain. This is further verified by the early English historian, William of Malmesbury, who tells us that Joseph of Arimathea arrived in Britain from France, with the people already mentioned, and with eleven missionaries under his charge, having been sent by the Apostle Philip. We are told that Joseph was welcomed by the British king, Ariragas, who gave him twelve hides of land (a hide was 160 acres) at Ynys-vitrin, or Glastonbury, whereon to build the first spiritual memorial to Jesus Christ.

According to the History of the Catholic Church, there were no missionaries in 35 A.D. In fact, there was no such thing as a Christian. The church itself did not adopt the terminology until the time of the emperor Constantine.

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The editors of FATE take great pleasure in forecasting some of the treats in store for you in future issues. We know, from the many enthusiastic and informative letters we receive, just what type of articles most appeal to you, and the following will give you an idea of how well we've carried out your expressed likes.

1. Some of us have laughed at the idea of "little people" but let's not laugh any more. One of the world's greatest scientists and inventors believed in them! Read all about it in THOMAS ALVA EDISON AND "THE LITTLE PEOPLE," from his own diary!

2. Is there provable record of a forecast of death? If you doubt it, read the famous case of the prediction of Rudolph Valentino's death three days before it happened, in WAS VALENTINO'S DEATH FORETOLD?

3. Nikola Tesla, brilliant inventor, could *run* a machine which did not exist! You don't believe it? Then read THE MIRACLE MIND OF NIKOLA TESLA for the facts.

4. Can a horse calculate the cube root of a number? Can he think as humans do? You'll find the amazing confirmation in THE THINKING HORSES OF ELBERFELD.

5. HAS America's government ever been influenced by the "spirits"? Do Presidents consult the "dead" and act on their suggestions? Read this startling exposé in ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SPIRITUALIST.

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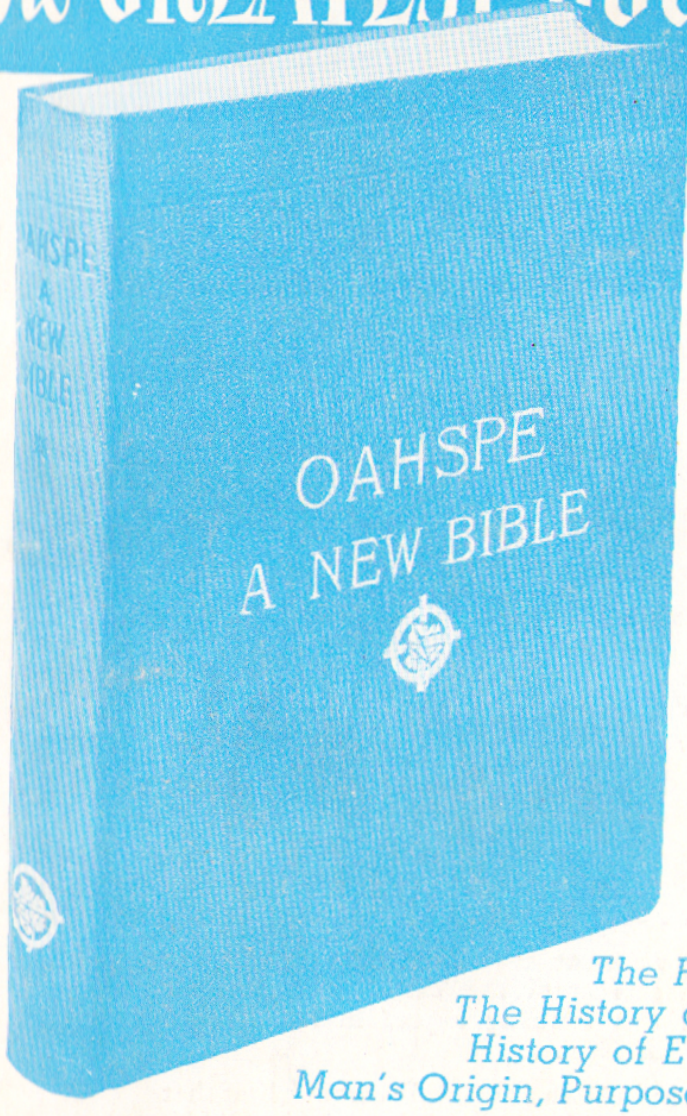

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